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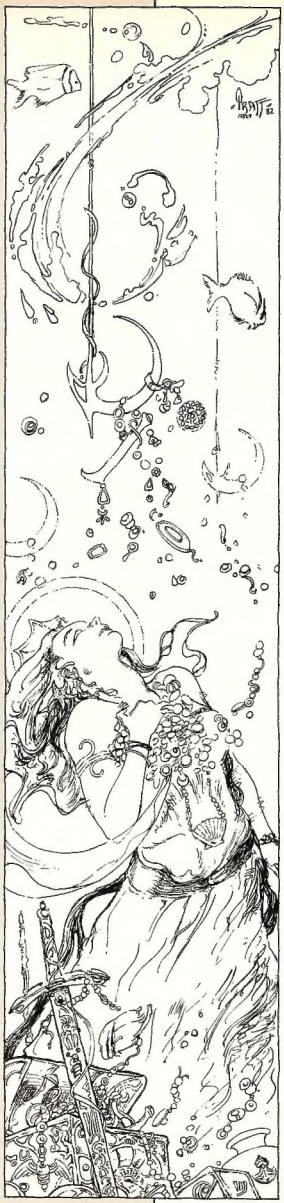

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DOSSIER

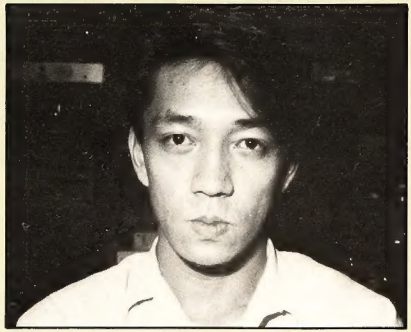
"An entertainer simply tries to make people happy. I just can't do that. I want a new humanity."

RYUICHING OUT

Arranging an interview with **Ryuichi Sakamoto**, one of Japan's primary pop masterminds, is no simple task—but not because of any phobia for journalists or exaggerated idea of his own importance. On the contrary, Sakamoto is gracious and polite, living up to those positive Japanese stereotypes—once you *do* get to him. With a schedule that included completion of a new solo disc, laying tracks for the next Yellow Magic Orchestra album, arranging material for wife Akiko Yano's new LP, as well as meetings with David Bowie (in town for shows at the Budokan) and fighting off a cold, it was no surprise that it took almost the entire three weeks I was in Japan just to arrange a short visit to the studio where he was recording.

Often credited as the Japanese variant of the Fripp/Eno blend of conceptualist/stylist, Sakamoto certainly has the right credentials: membership in Japan's techno-pop supergroup YMO, a long list of producer credits (including not only numerous Nipponese hipsters, but also such international stars as David Sylvian of the group Japan, M's Robin Scott, and Fripp/Bowie/Zappa collaborator Adrian Belew), and now, co-star billing with Bowie in respected director Nagisa Oshima's ***Merry Christmas, Mr. Lawrence***.

Born in Tokyo, on January 17, 1952, Sakamoto's allegiance to the fine arts began at age three with classical piano lessons; by ten he was composing; by his teens, he was jamming in amateur jazz bands. Staying serious, he joined the student movement of Japan during the late sixties, and went to the prestigious Tokyo University of the Arts in 1970 to study composition. His



Ryuichi Sakamoto looking for a kiss.

Photo by Brad Balfour

first big break came as arranger and producer of Taeko Onuki—one of *the* influential female pop singers of the burgeoning Japanese rock scene. When he worked with solo star Haruomi Hosono on both Hosono's *Parasio* and Sakamoto's own solo debut ***One Thousand Knives***, they decided along with ex-Sadistic Mika Band drummer Yukihiro Takahashi to form YMO. Though they never quite succeeded in internationalizing their status as Japan's first supergroup, YMO did establish a viable presence for Japanese techno-rock.

As for Sakamoto himself, he and wife Yano have done much to forge a union between pop and other musics, through an oriental viewpoint. Though he has managed a pop presence in YMO and on solo works like ***B-2 Unit*** and ***Left-Handed Dream***, he really uses the platform as a forum for serious work. Even at his most accessible, Sakamoto moves to the more pensive realms, as witness the trance-like music from his new solo LP playing during the interview.

—Brad Balfour

HM: So many Japanese pop performers don't use their own culture in their music. They often sound like a plastic replica of western groups—yet you and YMO seem far more individualistic than that.

RS: Yes, the Japanese people still have a kind of group mentality and a complex about western culture. I've come to believe in myself much more. Of course I was influenced by western culture, but now I fashion the music out of my own ideas. I have been influenced by the tonality of Japanese music . . . like waterdrops falling—I don't know if that's really Japanese or not—and the noise of the shakuhachi (Japanese bamboo flute)—the whoosh made when someone blows air across the mouthpiece. That white noise influences me. I want to create something that's exotic and archaic and futuristic.

HM: Tokyo seems like one of the most *contemporary* places in the world—it appears to have no past. I imagine that World War II wiped a lot of it out. What sort of influence does this reality have on you as a maker of international music?

RS: I'll explain about Japan: after World War II, the Japanese people lost their sense of national identity. The past was, in a sense, gone. So when I was growing up, part of the post-war generation, I grew up sometimes with American culture and sometimes with Japanese culture—a real mixture. The Japanese people—not today's teenagers so much, but those of my age—have become—have to be—cosmopolitan, or rather international. So I am inevitably interested in all kinds of musics, all locations of humanity. Of course, I've heard and am interested in Japanese music, but mainly I've heard western classical music while growing up. And certainly American pop, British rock, and jazz.

HM: Clearly, classical music has a considerable bearing on your music, most recently the soundtrack to *Merry Christmas, Mr. Lawrence*.

RS: My favorite composers are Bach, Beethoven—oh, there are so many good ones, and the French, like Claude Debussy. I've been so influenced by the French expressionists, like Debussy, Maurice Ravel, and Bartok, that it couldn't help but filter through my music.

HM: What pop music are you listening to nowadays?

RS: David Bowie and Japan. (Laughs.)

HM: Other than people you've worked with . . . .

RS: Kajagoogoo, Hall and Oates, pop music, all the British rock.

HM: Not the more electronic stuff like Kraftwerk?

RS: Of course I like Kraftwerk, but now I'm much more interested in other things. YMO was very technological, but after the technologic it's back to the acoustic for me. It's not necessary to use electronics because I've already done it.

HM: You started out as a piano player, didn't you?

RS: The first time I went into a studio to record, I was a student at the Tokyo University of Art. One day, I was drinking a quart in a Shinjuku bar, hanging out with the long hairs—I was a long-haired hippie myself (laughs)—and this guy hears I'm a pianist, so he asks me to come play with him in the studio tomorrow! I went, played piano for him, and that was it. Masato Tomobe, a folk singer in

the style of Dylan.

HM: Well, I'm sure you've learned a lot more about the studio since then. Tell me about your recording process.

RS: I usually record in two ways. One, when I'm in the studio, I'll play keyboards . . . synthesizer, acoustic piano, whatever I feel at the moment, and have the recorders running. That's more an improvisational situation, rather than really compositional. The other way, I'm at home actually composing a tune—writing the score and going to the studio afterwards. When I write the score, I develop—build up that is—each tone, each note. When I'm in the studio, the improvisational style is a . . . garage style. Then when we do the mix-down, I really do the composing—which is editing actually.

HM: Do you prefer working in Japan, or elsewhere?

RS: I like both. At this point the technical thing with board and recorder is easy for me. So, though some things are different it's basically the same everywhere for me. I played with David Sylvian last October in England. This September I was in Berlin at Hansa studios where David Bowie had recorded. And I'll be going to Los Angeles—Sunset Sound—arranging for my wife. The most important thing for me is communication. I must learn to speak better English. (Laughs.)

HM: What was it like working with David Sylvian?

RS: Though he is much younger than me, he has a strong energy that he developed within himself. I was so surprised. It's not necessary to discuss much with him, yet he intuitively understands. It's easy to communicate with him.

HM: And Robin Scott?

RS: That was different. It wasn't such a good situation between us. I'm strong-minded, he's strong-minded—it was like two people in a small boat trying to decide in which direction to go. But with Adrian Belew it was much easier. He's the ideal session man. The style between English and American is very different—the Americans are very speedy, sort of like the Japanese . . . well, a happy people with much enthusiasm.

HM: You don't seem to be the typical rock star.

RS: I'm not a rock star because I'm not an entertainer. An entertainer simply tries to make people happy. I just can't do that. I want a new humanity. I think mankind will change—is changing—in the near future because of computers and technology. People want to change so they don't have wars and won't hurt each other. Through my music I can participate in change. I want to change myself and help people change themselves. I think music raises the level of technology and technology adds more energy to music. They interact with each other.

HM: You once said: "The speed of my recognition of sound is increasing. The thoughts inside me are becoming more nonverbal. Though not a hallucination, I can visualize the sound in geometric forms like lines or points." This sounds like an altered state of consciousness. What did you mean?

RS: I said that about reggae. When I heard the music, I could see geometric configurations in my head. And reggae and technological music are quite similar. They both provoke the same reaction in me.

HM: Yellow Magic Orchestra as both a name and sound might also suggest some profound notions.

RS: I would agree, although I didn't name the group and am only a member of it. The name was Haruomi Hosono's, but certainly there is magic there. Yellow magic is a result of both white and black magics.

HM: Are you interested in magic?

RS: Well, the music I'm interested in *is* something more . . . weird, strange. It is not philosophical but something—not religious, but spiritual, maybe magical. It's why I can't just make dance music. I'd like it, but I want my music to be more—I want people to feel something new.

HM: What do you think lies in the future for Japan?

RS: Ah, the most difficult question. Japanese society has many problems. I think I can see the development of a fresh new individualism in Japanese society. It's coming up slowly, and will mean lots of highs and lows for Japan. Still, if Japanese society can handle it, it has so many possibilities. There are always so many possibilities.

"Japanese pop music has been near-uniform in its studiously bland reanimations of the worst of round-eye trash sounds."

Yellow Magic Orchestra trying their damndest to look naughty. (Left to right: Haruomi Hosono, Ryuichi Sakamoto, Yukihiro Takahashi.)

YELLOW VINYL

With fewer exceptions than a kamikaze pilot reunion head-count, Japanese pop music has been near-uniform in its studiously bland reanimation of the worst—i.e. most superficial—of round-eye trash sounds. Japs seem intuitively responsive to the naked sexual power of rock'n'roll, yet they demur when it comes down to really moistening their underarms and, as it were, putting their glands where their mouths are. It's almost as though they're still paying—in the very-Eastern currency of public humiliation—for losing the last Big One.

Things changed a tad with the late-seventies arrival of the **Yellow Magic Orchestra**. While their Kraftwerkian dance music did suffer from triteness and polite passivity (more suited to bowing than boogeying), their synthesis of unexpected sounds and non-standard styles often proved amazing—best displayed on their third US release, 1981's ***BGM*** (A&M). More recently they've released the misnomered ***Naughty Boys*** and companion platter ***Naughty Boys (Instrumental)*** (both Japanese Alfa), which while pleasantly engaging, pack no surprises or innovations. Preference here goes to the wordless version, as the lines I make up offer far more verbal insight and emotive expression than Y.M.O.'s multi-lingual marshmallows.

Far snazzier are **Ryuichi Sakamoto**'s solo records. All are recommended, though personal faves are 1980's ***B-2 Unit*** (U.K. Island)—drivingly rhythmic, heavily electronic, and daringly experimental—and 1981's ***Left-Handed Dream*** (beware monkeyed-with U.S. Epic version; try instead Japanese Alfa, U.K. Virgin, or Dutch Plexus), an LP of subtly wind-blown, Oriental myth-dream beauty. Sakamoto's soundtrack for Oshima's ***Merry Christmas, Mr. Lawrence*** (MCA) has some captivating moments of shimmering, silken grace, but suffers from the usual salvaged-soundtrack syndrome (repetition, emphasis on decoration over development). Any future effort with this guy's name on it will be one to grab.

—Lou Stathis

MANGA! HORDE

"It's crobbering time!" Gō Nagai's (the Jack Kirby of Japan) gargantuan warrior-robot Mazinger Z gets worked up in the pages of *Shōnen Jump* Magazine.

Art © 1974 Gō Nagai. Reprinted from *Manga! Manga!*

Shadow and substance, from Kazuo Kamimura's "Dōsei Jidai" ["The Age of Cohabitation"] in *Manga Action* Magazine.

Art © 1973 Kazuo Kamimura. Reprinted from *Manga! Manga!*

"Take a nip'o'nese, boys!" Gō Nagai gets naughty, from the "Harenchi Gakuen" ["Shameless School"] strip in *Shōnen Jump*.

Art © 1972 Gō Nagai. Reprinted from *Manga! Manga!*

Sleazy living, Japanese style (with a touch of Will Eisner). From Reiji Matsumoto's "Otoko Oidon" ["I Am a Man"] in *Shōnen* Magazine.

Art © 1972 Reiji Matsumoto. Reprinted from *Manga! Manga!*

If, like me, you've wondered what sound a sword lopping off a head makes in Japanese ("Dosshu!"), then ***Manga! Manga! The World of Japanese Comics*, by Frederik L. Schodt** (Kodansha/Harper & Row) is a likely choice for your next rainy-day friend. A richly-illustrated history of Japanese comics, this handsomely produced volume takes us on an authoritative tour of another culture's love—mad passion, to be more precise—for the comic art form. ("Manga" is the Japanese term for comics.) Author Schodt, an American, university-educated in Japan, has distilled a century of work from literally billions (!) of comic magazines and books into comprehensible form, an achievement indeed in just 160 pages of text and pictures (the last ninety-six pages reprint four full-length Japanese comics from what appears to be the original artwork).

Although *Manga! Manga!* did not convert me to the styles which seem to prevail in Japanese comics—there are entirely too many Walter Keane-eyed characters wandering about, and a tendency toward clumsy caricatures—it is fascinating to see the variations the Japanese have rung on such universal themes as war, sex, and adventure. In particular, the World War II-period section is an eye-opener: one man's propaganda is another man's patriotism. (Too bad these couldn't have been juxtaposed with some of Timely's "Japanazi" covers from circa-1942 *Marvel Mystery* and *Captain America*.)

My favorite strip (not shown in its entirety, alas), is "Harenchi Gakuen" ("Shameless School"), which from 1968 to 1972 detailed the erotic adventures of a group of rebellious high school students. The feature ended with a bang: an all-out war between the PTA (yeah, they're in Japan, too) and the students, involving tanks, missiles, and machine guns. At the end, everybody dies. Love it!

Manga! Manga! closes with Keiji Nakazawa's terrifying "Barefoot Gen," a first-hand account of Hiroshima (Nakazawa, like the story's protagonist, was one of the lucky survivors). This strip (reprinted in the U.S. recently as a one-dollar color comic) is guaranteed to make you burn your collection of *Sgt. Fury and His Howling Commandos*, but fast.

—Michael S. Barson

"What the Japanese might have lacked with men in rubber monster suits, they more than make up for with the animated cel."

From *Illustration in Japan*, Book II, by Isao Kishii.

JAPANIMATION

The art form of animation has enjoyed worldwide popularity for decades, but nowhere are people more passionately devoted to it than in Japan. With as many as fifty films and TV shows produced annually, animation seems almost as popular over there as money is here.

In Japan, however, "anime" is not churned out with unimaginative artlessness by people with no vision beyond the bottom line. Indeed, for the vast majority of anime projects, no effort is spared to secure a production team of enormous talent and ability. These same lavish production values are carried over into the publications that cover all aspects of the anime industry.

Most popular among the anime shows in Japan seem to be the sf ones, with scenarios ranging from L5 colonies waging wars of independence from Earth to stories of those obnoxious aliens who charge incredible sums for space/time taxi rides and make life generally confusing for Terrans. And it's no surprise that these shows spawn the most popular publications as well. Lavish productions unmatched anywhere in the world for visual impact, they incorporate extra bound-in books, fold-outs, stickers, flipbooks, etc., between their six-color covers. There are far too many individual publication formats to go into here in any detail, but each is stunningly designed, whether anime comic (telling the story through cel blow-ups), one of the five huge monthly fan magazines, or flip-book sets. But most astounding of all are these books' low prices—even after added-on import tariffs and duties they still end up well within budget, if not comprehension. But once you see them for yourself you'll quickly realize that understanding the language isn't everything, and that what the Japanese might have lacked with men in rubber monster suits, they more than make up for with the animated cel.

—D. M. Kister

(For more info: Books Nippon, 532 West 6th St., LA, CA 90014; Hardcopy Distributors, Box 804, Langhorne, PA 19047)

YELLOSTRATION

The *Heavy Metal* offices are gone, obliterated forever, wiped away into ash. In **Noriyoshi Orai**'s painting of a giant crater in midtown Manhattan, buildings are aflame at the crater's rim. Overhead, the sky is a cinder black horror. Devastation on this scale, which we Americans can hardly fathom, burns in the Japanese memory. Similar scenes of Manhattan destruction have been created by American illustrators—from Al Feldstein (*Weird Fantasy*) to Chesley Bonestell (*Collier's*)—but Orai gives it a searing plausibility.

A turn past Orai reveals even more awesome concepts in ***Illustration in Japan***, a series of annuals spanning science-fiction art and the surreal to children's books, phantasmagorias, cartoon crudities, and bizarro worlds. For volume one (Kodansha), a committee of eight Japanese designer-illustrators poured through 5000 submissions (newspapers, magazines, books, posters, record sleeves, calendars, catalogs, comic strips, window displays, workbooks, postcards, ads, murals, and menus) to select 600 pieces by 260 illustrators. In volume two even more Japanese illustrators were introduced. Together, these first two large-format (10 1/8" x 13 1/2") annuals total a hefty 540 pages, including 360 in color. The third in the series was published by Kodansha in March of 1983.

The *HM* connection is welded by Tokyo illustrator **Hajime Sorayama**, one of the few (or only) of these Japanese talents familiar to American art enthusiasts—from his lustrously "sexy robots" in *HM* (November 1980 cover) and his gleaming Fuji cassette ads (some appropriately printed on metal for audio shop window displays). Similar Sorayama automata turn up in *Illustration in Japan*—one modeling a skin-tight swimsuit and another undraping her steel breasts—along with a fearsome robot dinosaur and the metallic orgasm of Sorayama's rabbit/turtle lovers (August 1981 *HM* back cover).

East meets West. An American influence is apparent on page after page. **Ikko Tanaka**, designer of *Illustration in Japan*, comments, "American 'pop' art and the super-realism of the sixties made great inroads into the Japanese design scene and gave rise to a succession of prevailing fads. Cars, cities, glass, precision engineering, supermarkets, and so on became common frames of reference viewed in high focus, with artists seeking to cut through to the texture of objects and hear the voices of the things themselves, voices independent of human subjectivity, of human language...."

After the formation of such groups as the Tokyo Illustrators Club (founded in the late sixties), and the Japanese Advertising Art Association, a seventies wave of new Japanese magazines surfaced—publications that allowed their illustrators to break away from the limitations of ad art. The result was a stylistic explosion. These artists, Tanaka notes, "are unabashedly *urban* people, brought up on rock magazines and poster illustrations; far from resenting their overcrowded living conditions, they breathe in deep the air of city streets and are, in a sense, champions of a new 'folklore' of the urban environment. The attraction of America and its tremendous creative vitality is obvious, and a number of young illustrators—disenchanted with their own environment—have chosen to identify wholeheartedly with the U.S. counterpart." Thus, **Shuichi Higurashi**'s ad posters hawking pocket-sized TV sets meticulously duplicate the characters, poses, and situations of Norman Rockwell.

Others have explored the crawlspaces of their own imaginations. Consider **Minoru Nagao**'s man with a thumbprint head, or **Ryu Kumita**'s workbook scene of worm commuters slithering into a subway entrance. **Aoi Fujimoto**'s spiders/dragons/bug creatures designed against nudes are vividly colored conceptions—while **Teruo Kawai**, **Hiroshi Aiura** and **Shigeo Okamoto** lead the viewer into metamorphic Magrittescapes.

The Kodansha publishing firm, founded in 1963, commandeers this Japanese illustration invasion of USA shores with editorial headquarters in Tokyo, sales offices in NYC, and bookstore distribution through Harper & Row. Along with their *Advertising Photography in Japan* and *Graphic Design in Japan* sets, *Illustration in Japan* provides a sharp-focus contrast with the more traditional Japanese art books in Kodansha's catalog.

—Bhob

At the entrance to the Keep; inspiration from Albert Speer, Dr. Caligari's cabinet, and maybe some Steranko as well.

Photo ©1983 Paramount Pictures

KEEPSMANSHIP

With ***The Keep***, **Michael Mann** couldn't have chosen a more extreme departure from his last work, 1981's ***Thief***. The latter, his debut as a feature film writer/director (he'd previously done the acclaimed TV-movie, ***The Jericho Mile***, some documentary shorts, commercials, and a slew of TV-series scripts), was a naturalistic melodrama notable for a tightly controlled James Caan title performance, an incendiary Tangerine Dream soundtrack, and an improbably tidy, let's-blow-the-fuckers-away ending. *The Keep* is a symbolistic psychodrama of Wagnerian proportions fired by another densely evocative Tangerine Dream score and an overwhelmingly vivid visual composition (like Kubrick directing *Götterdämmerung*), marred by zombie-like acting and a simplistic, Marvel Comic script (Mann adapted a novel by F. Paul Wilson, unfavorably reviewed here by Yrs. Truly in the May 1982 issue).

Mann calls his second film "a fairy-tale for adults," and points to the 1920s German Expressionist silents of Pabst and Murnau as inspirational touchstones. I can see what he means—in fact, *The Keep* would've probably worked better as a silent film with music and title-cards/word-balloons (a moving comic with soundtrack). Interestingly, Mann is a long-time *HM/Metal Hurlant* fan who looks to the magazine for "visual inspiration" (as do many of his peers, like Ridley Scott and Walter Hill). It was in these pages that he discovered the work of French illustrator **Enki Bilal** ("The Voyage of Those Forgotten," and "The City That Didn't Exist") whom he contacted and enlisted to design *The Keep*'s monstrous manifestation of the twisted Nazi dream, Radu Molasar.

Sometime before I had a chance to see the film, Mann and I talked transatlantically. He was neck-deep in post-production work (re-recording dialogue, mostly), and frantically trying to recover from the sudden death of Visual Effects Supervisor Wally Veevers, a pioneering technician and four-time Oscar winner whose work spanned the modern era of fantasy filmmaking—from 1936's *Things To Come*, through all of Kubrick's films, *Excalibur*, and finally, *The Keep* (Veever's loss delayed the film's release by six months). For someone who'd barely had enough time to breathe for more than a year, Mann sounded remarkably chipper over the wire, his thick Chicago accent and barking laugh punctuating his intense explanation of the film's genesis.

—Lou Stathis

HM: What initially attracted you to the book?

MM: (Producers) Howard Koch and Gene Kirkwood brought it to my attention, and at first I didn't really like it. It's basically a gothic horror story, and while there is nothing wrong with the book in its genre, I just don't care for the genre. Then, it occured to me to take off on a tangent of the book, getting rid of the gothic fantasy element, and look at the whole book as a dream, in which various characters personify states of mind. What really turned me on was the possibility of getting the same intensity of feeling and passion that you have in a dream, where you're liberated from a naturalistic world and things don't have to have a specific logic. All the silly rationalizations that were in the novel—the nonsense about the characters as survivors of "The First Age" and representing the eternal battle between light and darkness—are gone. This is not a vampire or a boogeyman movie, it's a fairy tale for adults.

HM: I'm not quite sure I know what that means.

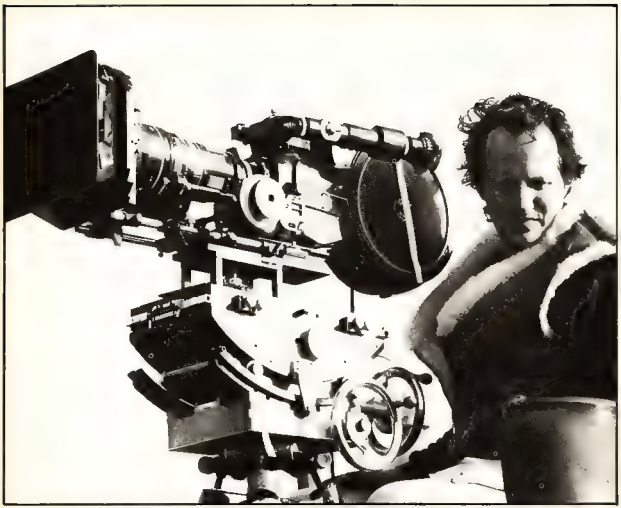
MM: Let me explain it this way: If you sat down and read *Rumpelstilzchen* right now, you'd be scared and aroused, and you'd feel a kind of fear you only feel in nightmares. This is because you haven't been overexposed to *Rumpelstilzchen* by Walt Disney. Fairy tales appeal to the unconscious—this is where they get their power from, as do dreams. And it was to have the film sweep you away into almost a dreamlike state, while telling a hell of a story, that appealed to me.

HM: So the power you're trying to touch on involves expressions of particular psychologies, as opposed to representations of eternal, transcendant evil.

MM: Yes. When Kaempffer, the SS commander (Gabriel Byrne), finally confronts Molasar and

Scott Glenn stalks the kept monster Molásar, as the fog machines work overtime.

Photo ©1983 Paramount Pictures



Is that a camera in your pocket, or are you just glad to see me? Michael Mann directing *The Keep*.

Photo ©1983 Paramount Pictures

asks him, "Where do you come from?" Molasar answers, "I come from you."

HM: So he's a direct reflection of the collective unconscious of Nazi Germany?

MM: Exactly. In 1941, when the film takes place, the Greater German Reich was at its height. Millions of people in their unconscious had accepted that political / social / psychological disease, and it's as if their collective unconscious produces a dreamlike personification of itself—Radu Molasar. Nobody ever says this in the movie, but it is the conclusion someone would draw if they thought about it, I hope. With Molasar I was trying to personify that state of mind into a walking, talking thing with dialogue that's deceptive and seductive, being and doing all those things that a character would do in a drama. I relied on two books rather heavily, one by a cultural historian named George Mosse, whose thesis it is that rather than being a reaction, fascism in fact has its own inherent ideology. The other book was Walter Langer's *The Mind of Adolf Hitler*, which helped me understand the authoritarian mentality—Molasar's mentality. What I got was a sense of the vacuousness, the disease, the horrifying fearful personality that feels it is incomplete in someway, insufficient, impotent. And it makes up for that by trying to transcend objective reality through romanticism. "I will smash the weakness inside of me by not dealing with it, by transcending." It's the process of not making yourself whole by your own struggle and effort, but by smashing down third parties, because that becomes the only barometer for raising yourself up in your own eyes. That is what Molasar is—he accrues substance and evolves through the film by taking the energy from the lives of other people. That is how he becomes whole.

HM: What was Bilal's contribution?

MM: Molasar goes through three stages of becoming complete, and Bilal designed stages two and three. Then there is a massive subcellar, a cavern that is an unbelievable landscape of dehydrated death, and he designed that as well. He was working on a film for Alain Resnais at the time, so he would fly in here for a fast few days from Paris, and then go back again.

HM: What made you seek him out?

MM: I knew from looking at his work—"Exterminator 17" was a great series—that he had just the design sense I wanted. If I moved over what he had done ten degrees, it fit perfectly with what I wanted for two of Molasar's characterizations, and for the interior of the space. Everything else was done by myself and Production Designer John Box, with lots of influence from Albert Speer.

HM: I understand you're using Tangerine Dream for the music again. That's great—I thought their *Thief* soundtrack was brilliant.

MM: Yeah, but this is not like they've ever sounded—the music is really expressionistic. Like, when Molasar first appears, he comes as an image of salvation out of a dream. Sort of the ultimate big brother who will take your side—it has this kind of naive quality. I found a sixteenth-century English liturgical composer named Thomas Tallis, who wrote a fabulous mass. We did an electronic version of the Gloria, a five-part canon, that is unbelievable! The sound is kind of Bruckneresque—darkness and children's voices mixed in with strange compressor sounds (we found an air compressor in a mine shaft when we were searching for caverns in Wales that we harmonized and vocoded). It's a very, very ambitious soundtrack. The movie is going to run about an hour and fifty minutes; about an hour and thirty minutes will have music over it. We're really proud of it.

HM: How did you initially decide to use them? Did you know their stuff before *Thief*?

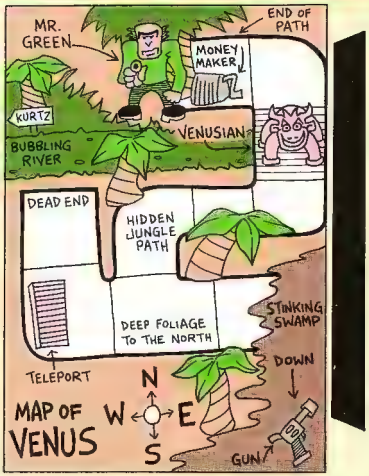
MM: Yes—I like electronic music, and I was familiar with their records. So I knew what cues of theirs I was going to be using in about half the scenes in *Thief* before I even shot them. I'd be thinking of the images I would want, and I'd go and play an album of theirs—say, *Force Majeure*—and that would act as a kind of poetic modular to keep me on track.

HM: So you use their music to reinforce your own visual images in your head.

MM: Yeah, to keep it straight, instead of writing a note to myself and putting it up on a board as a reminder for the way I want to set action or compose a frame. It's part of the artistic process to find something that evokes precisely the right kind of feeling. I want images in my films to do that for people, and so if I want to go back to that feeling and it's encapsulated in one piece of music for me, it becomes a very good modular—like Mies van der Rohe used modulars to build buildings with. It's a process of interdisciplinary thinking, transferring the musical into the visual.

JOHN HOLMSTROM'S

HI-TECH LOWDOWN



The hottest home computer games are adventure games—interactive fantasies where you participate in the story action, and determine the outcome by your performance.

My personal favorite is **Gruds In Space**. The action begins in your spaceship, which is orbiting the Earth. The on-board computer tells you that you've received a message offering you a million bucks if you can bring some rare fuel to a stranded cargo ship. As per instructions you blast off to Saturn, teleport down to the surface and run into a colony of Gruds—little green men who aren't too crazy about humans. Along the way, you meet up with the sleazy Lord Deebo, the shadowy rock-throwing Arler, the gun-toting Mr. Green, and assorted alien weirdos. As you travel through unknown paths, caves, roads, and spaceships, you have to keep a map so you won't get lost.

To play, you type commands on your computer keyboard, and press the RETURN button (sending it to the computer's brain). For instance, let's say you've made it to the screen where two Gruds are holding a rope. You type in GET ROPE. Nothing happens. The computer answers TRY SOMETHING ELSE. You type in KILL THE GRUDS AND GET THE ROPE. The computer answers I DON'T KNOW HOW TO KILL SOMETHING. You type STEAL ROPE. Aha! The screen changes and the Gruds no longer have the rope! The caption below the picture of the Gruds reads: SEVERAL GRUDS ARE ABOUT TO ATTACK YOU FOR STEALING THE ROPE.

Now what do you do? Most people type RUN AWAY. Makes sense, right? If you do, though, the Gruds tear you to pieces. Hopefully, you've saved the game on a floppy disk, so you can resume where you left off and try again. Otherwise, you have to go back to the beginning.

SEVERAL GRUDS ARE ABOUT TO ATTACK YOU FOR STEALING THE ROPE!

To escape the Gruds, all you have to do is type GO SOUTH (or SOUTH, or even S, as an abbreviation), and you'll get away with the rope, which comes in very handy later on.

Typing in commands can be frustrating, though—you really have to strain your brain to solve most of the problems. If, after you've tried several dozen solutions, and none of them have worked, you feel like typing in an obscene command (like, say, FUCK THE GRUDS), the computer will answer YOU SHOULD BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF! I guess you should.

At one point while playing the game I got stuck. I tried *everything* twice. After typing in several obscene commands, I called Sirius, the game's publisher. They connected me with Chuck Sommerville, who designed the game with Joe Dudar. Chuck was very helpful, and gave me a few pointers toward solving my problem.

We then chatted a bit, and he told me about his game. "The idea goes back about a year. The other guy on the game was a friend of mine at Georgia Tech. I was still in school, and receiving royalties on my first game, Snakebite. So I invited him to work with me on my next game. We were told to do something like *2001*. We finally came up with a reason to go to a weird planet . . . to get rare fuel."

It took five months for Chuck and Joe to develop Gruds In Space. Usually, it only takes one designer three months, but Chuck invented a whole new computer language and software program to create the graphics, which Sirius is going to use for future adventure games. "It's real easy to correct mistakes with it," Chuck told me.

He also said there's over 170 different pictures in the game, and that Joe spent about half an hour creating each of them (which is amazing, considering some of the little animated special effects).

There are a lot more games where Gruds In Space came from. **Infocom** is the leader in the field, though so far they've only published text adventures. (Text games are played without pictures, which allows more room on the disk for situations and storylines. The *New York Times* called text games "participatory novels," so I guess adventure games with pictures are "participatory comic strips.")

These games can be really addicting. Because they stretch the imagination, adventure games are much more intense than arcade games, which only test reflexes and memory. Adventure games average thirty to forty hours playing time, and are a lot of fun, especially if you invite a bunch of friends over. You can all sit around throwing out ideas, and take turns at the keyboard. And if any of you ever play to the end and get the million bucks, let me know how you did it. I'm still stuck on Venus!

—John Holmstrom

(For more info: Sirius Software, 10364 Rockingham Dr., Sacramento, CA 95827 and Infocom, inc., 55 Wheeler St., Cambridge, MA 02138.)

NAHALLYWOOD

Spinal Tap want *your* cerebrospinal fluid! (Left to right: Michael McKean, R. J. Parnell, Christopher Guest, David Kaff, and Harry Shearer.)

Photo © Embassy Pictures

The five, long-haired musicians take the stage, surrounded by smoke and oversized props of flame-sprouting skulls and gigantic plant pods which glow eerily in the darkness of the concert hall.

The double lead-guitar riffs of Nigel Tufnel and David St. Hubbins scream over the audience as St. Hubbins intones, "Don't need a woman, I won't take me no wife, I got the rock'n'roll and that'll be my life," into the microphone wobbling before him.

The assembled heavy metal fans go wild as Britain's legendary band, Spinal Tap, belches out music at Concorde volume.

Spinal Tap: a group that has lasted twenty years.

Spinal Tap: a band whose LP output has included such rock classics as *Brainhammer, Intravenous DeMilo, Shark Sandwich,* and *Smell the Glove.*

Spinal Tap: a rock'n'roll mainstay whose fantasy-drenched 1984 American tour is sure to go down in the history books . . . as something or other.

Now, at this point, if you're sitting there wondering, "Who the hell is Spinal Tap?" and "Why haven't I ever heard of them?", relax. You're not tragically unhip. Spinal Tap is a totally bogus band dreamed up by **Rob Reiner, Christopher Guest, Michael McKean,** and **Harry Shearer.** The heavy metal entourage is the focus of a soon-to-be-released pseudo-documentary called ***This Is Spinal Tap*** that is as uproarious as it is outrageous.

Basically, *This Is Spinal Tap* takes the premise of the real rock documentary *The Last Waltz* and bludgeons it to death with dead-panned parody. The movie, directed by Reiner, follows filmmaker Marty DeBergi (a bearded Reiner . . . look out Scorcese) as he travels with the legendary heavy metal mob, Spinal Tap, on their first American tour in six years. Interspersed with concert footage are interviews and behind-the-scene portraits of Spinal Tap's three leaders: David St. Hubbins (McKean), Nigel Tufnel (Guest) and Derek Smalls (Shearer).

Heightening the outlandish comedic slant of the movie is the fact that the actor/comedians featured, composed and performed ten heavy metal songs that have just been released as a "Spinal Tap" album by Polydor, and feature such lyric *bon mots* as: "You're sweet but you're just four feet, And you still got your baby teeth, You're too young and I'm too well hung" ("Tonight I'm Gonna Rock You Tonight"), and: "No light fantastic ever crosses my mind, That meditation stuff can make you go blind, Just crank that volume to the point of pain, Why waste good music on a brain?" (*Heavy Duty*).

Seated in an office in the Los Angeles headquarters of Embassy films, **Harry Shearer, Rob Reiner,** and producer **Karen Murphy** explain just how this aberrated feature came about. It's not a pretty story.

"It's a remake of *Gone With the Wind* with an all black cast," Shearer begins. "But seriously," he adds, "We've all grown up having the pretentions and self-importance of a lot of practitioners of rock'n'roll shoved down our throats. What this movie is, in a lot of ways, is a reaction to that. We're poking fun at two and a half decades of accumulated drivel about the art of rock'n'roll, the hype, the bands' elevated ideas about themselves."

The whole concept for the film started quite accidentally back in 1978. "We did a television show together for ABC," says Reiner, "that was a satire of TV programming called *The TV Show.* We did a spoof of *The Midnight Special* where I played Wolfman Jack and Harry, Michael, and Chris were part of a band called Spinal Tap. When we were doing the piece, the three of them started screwing around with the characters. We all thought that it was pretty funny and would be a nice bit to explore further."

"Actually," Harry injects, "had it not been for a prop man on the TV show who screwed up turning mineral oil into smoke and made us wait for four hours, we might not have gotten the idea. We all started messing around, ad-libbing stuff in thick British accents, because we were bored."

After toying with the concept for a while, the quartet hooked up with producer Murphy, and decided to try their hand at a full-length satire of the rock biz. "We made a deal with a company who funded a script," says Reiner. "But then we all said, 'Jeez, I dunno.' We had this idea to do it documentary-style and, in screenplay form, that idea might not look funny.

"So, we convinced the people who were going to back the script to let us make a twenty minute improvisational demo reel. We did that. We established the style of the movie, the characters, and the music."

At that point, Reiner and producer Murphy lobbied to get a deal with a studio. "We took that demo reel around everywhere for two years," Reiner says. "We'd walk into an office and say, 'We want to expand this to ninety minutes and we don't want to use a script.' That was the tough part. Not many people want to invest a couple of million dollars in a movie without a script. And we were insisting that the nature of this project called for a documentary-style improvisation."

Eventually, a deal was struck with Embassy. "It was amazing," says Arthur. "Not only did they back the project but they were very encouraging. They understood the concept and supported it. They let us make the movie we wanted to make."

The four writers went off and wrote detailed biographies of each of the characters. Discographies. Musical histories. A gen-

Rob Reiner discusses the ontological complexities of heavy metal music with Christopher Guest.

Photo © Embassy Pictures

Honest, it's only a prosthesis. I couldn't hurt anybody with it if I tried!

Photo © Embassy Pictures

eral outline of the movie was then penned, and the film began shooting, finishing up in five weeks and one day.

The improvisational tone of the movie didn't phase the crew that Reiner and Murphy had chosen because, essentially, they were used to the freewheeling documentary approach. The film was shot in 16 mm and blown up to 35 mm by cinematographer Peter Smokler, whose credits include *Gimme Shelter* and *Jimi Plays Berkeley.*

"The crew felt comfortable with what we were trying to do," Reiner explains. "If anything, they were trying to make the film undocumentary. They'd want to try certain, jazzy things and I'd say, 'No, let's do it strictly documentary style.' They'd want to stop for fake reaction shots and I'd ask, 'Would you fake this in a real documentary?' They'd laugh and say, 'All the time.' Who was I to argue?"

All the the scenes were basically adlibbed on the spot with the actors working only from an outline. "We'd shoot each scene about four times," Reiner states. "We must have shot fifty hours of film (for a ninety minute movie). We'd shoot each scene once and then discuss it. We'd shoot it a second and a third time, using different dialogue and restructuring things a bit. The fourth time we'd shoot it, we'd make sure we had footage of characters who weren't actually speaking.

"That helped us a lot in the editing. We never tried for continuity in the traditional, movie sense. We pretty much cut the soundtrack and the visuals separately. When we got the soundtrack to where it made sense audibly, we'd match it with footage that worked. Usually, in a movie, you just shoot the scenes that are in the script and then pick the best version you have for visual impact. Here, we approached the film in a backwards manner. It was crazy but it gave us a lot more choices."

The finished Spinal Tap epic manages to capture the band at its best and worst points, spotlighting their encounters with inept record company executives (Patrick MacNee, Fran Drescher, and Paul Shaffer), squabbling managers (Tony Hendra, June Chadwick) and various groupies.

Things go wrong for the band constantly. Their drummers have a habit of dying in strange ways (one simply explodes on stage . . . "spontaneous combustion," deadpans one group-member).Their intricate onstage props have a tendency to malfunction (bassist Derek Smalls is swallowed by an oversized plant, and two dwarf dancers get carried away during a concert and kick the crap out of a replica of Stonehenge).

Through it all, however, the band perseveres . . . somehow, which is what gives the outrageous parody its heart. "If you are touched, then the film works," says Reiner. "It was a pretty tricky blend to attempt. The film is basically a satire and that type of humor usually doesn't lend itself to drama. But we tried to blend both humor and humanistic slants. We want people to laugh a lot but also feel something for these characters."

"The characters are basically funny," adds Shearer, "but they're also people. We show all their warts."

"The band members aren't cartoons," Reiner states. "Many comedies reduce their characters into cartoon people and if you do that, you can't show their imperfections. Everything is painted in broad strokes so the audience can't really identify. We figured screw it, let's try to be wild *and* show these guys as people!"

"Not many people want to invest a couple of million dollars in a movie without a script."

This Is Spinal Tap is now a reality . . . and its makers are now prepared to weather the storm. Says Reiner, "The film isn't pigeonholeable."

"That may be a problem," admits Shearer. "People won't be able to lump it in with anything else. But if the movie makes $20 million dollars, next year forty people will be trying to write another *Spinal Tap*. We will have created a pigeon hole!"

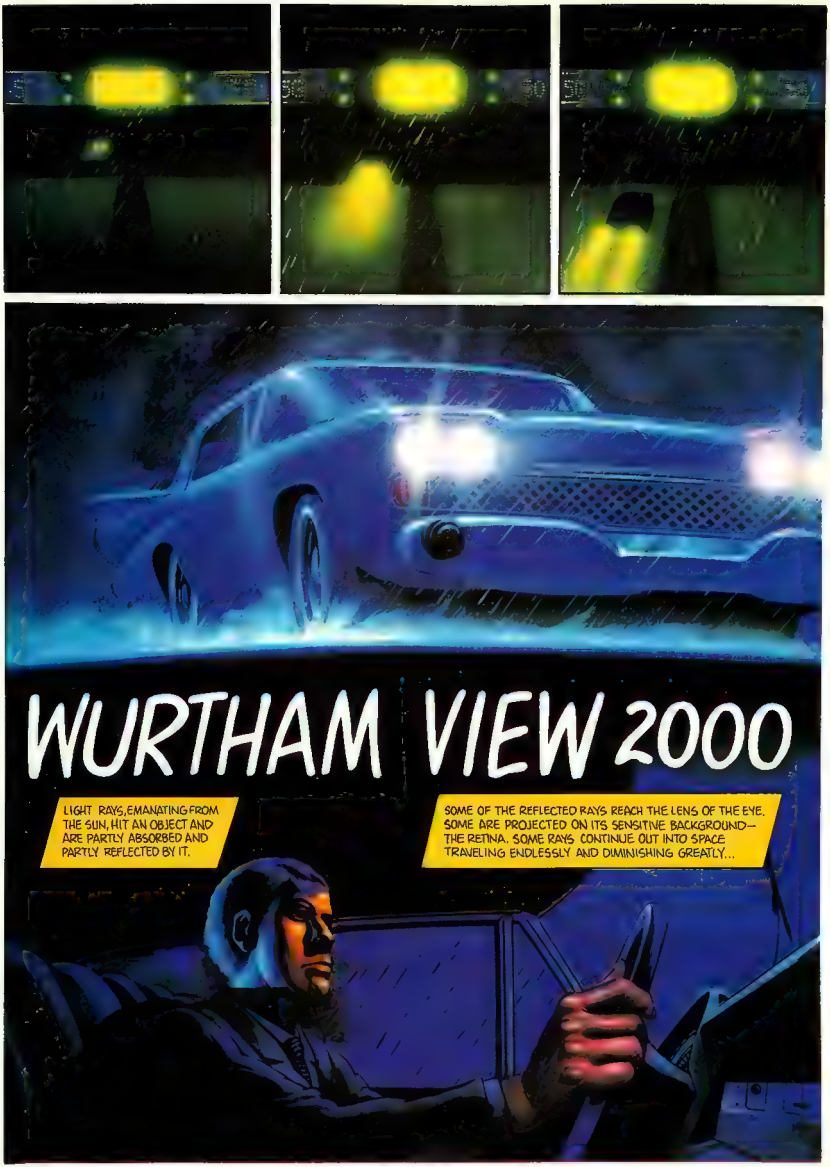
Although all concerned state that there will be no sequel (no matter what the fate of the zany film), the band, Spinal Tap, may actually tour. "If we do," says Shearer, "it won't be done like the Blues Brothers—you know, take the money and run. The music we wrote and played was in support of a comedic idea. If we do tour, we'll come up with some sort of presentation that will be funny as well as loud."

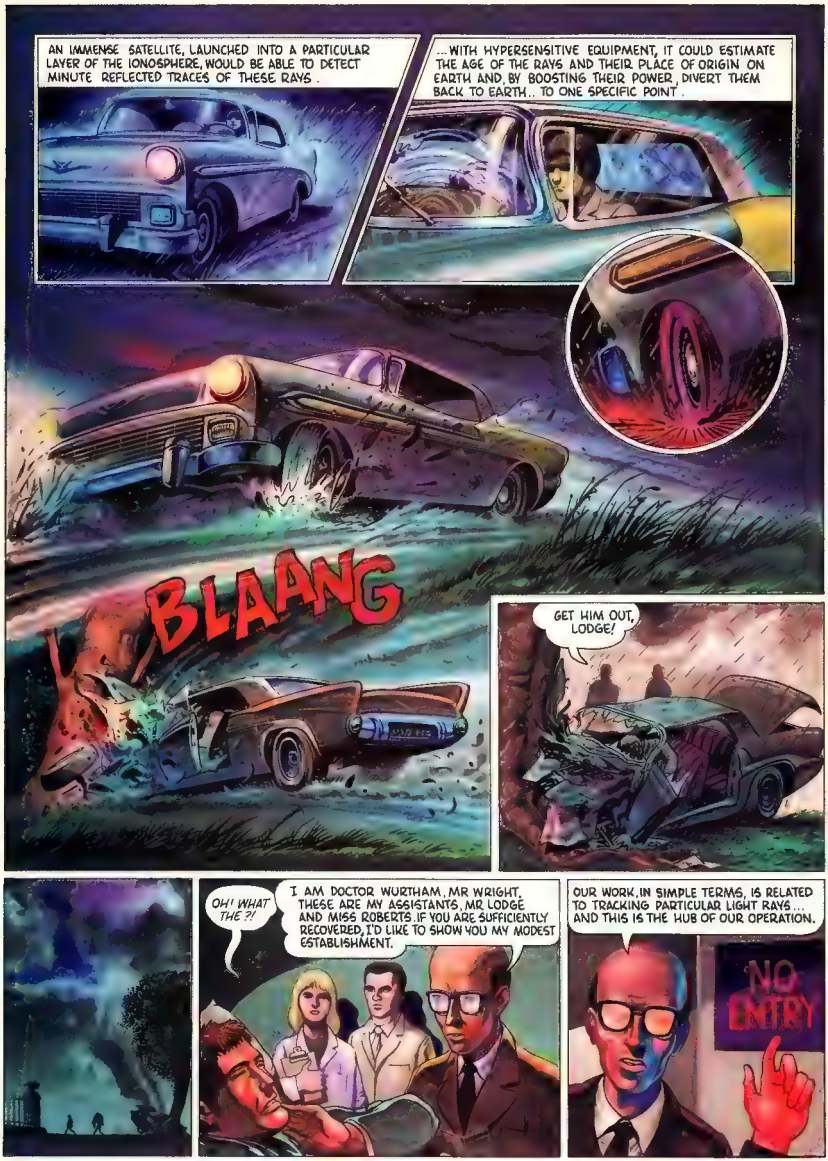
Reiner sits back in his chair and offers one last explanation as to the creation of *Spinal Tap*. "We all love rock'n'roll," he explains, "and there's never really been a funny movie made about it. What makes us different than other rock films is that we have a few laughs here. We just took a look at the rock biz, which is fairly overblown . . . and we've underblown it!"

Perhaps it is Spinal Tap who can sum up the film's uplifting message when they subtly intone: "No page in history baby—that, I don't need, I just want to make some eardrums bleed."

If this is parody . . . somebody should warn Ozzy Osbourne.

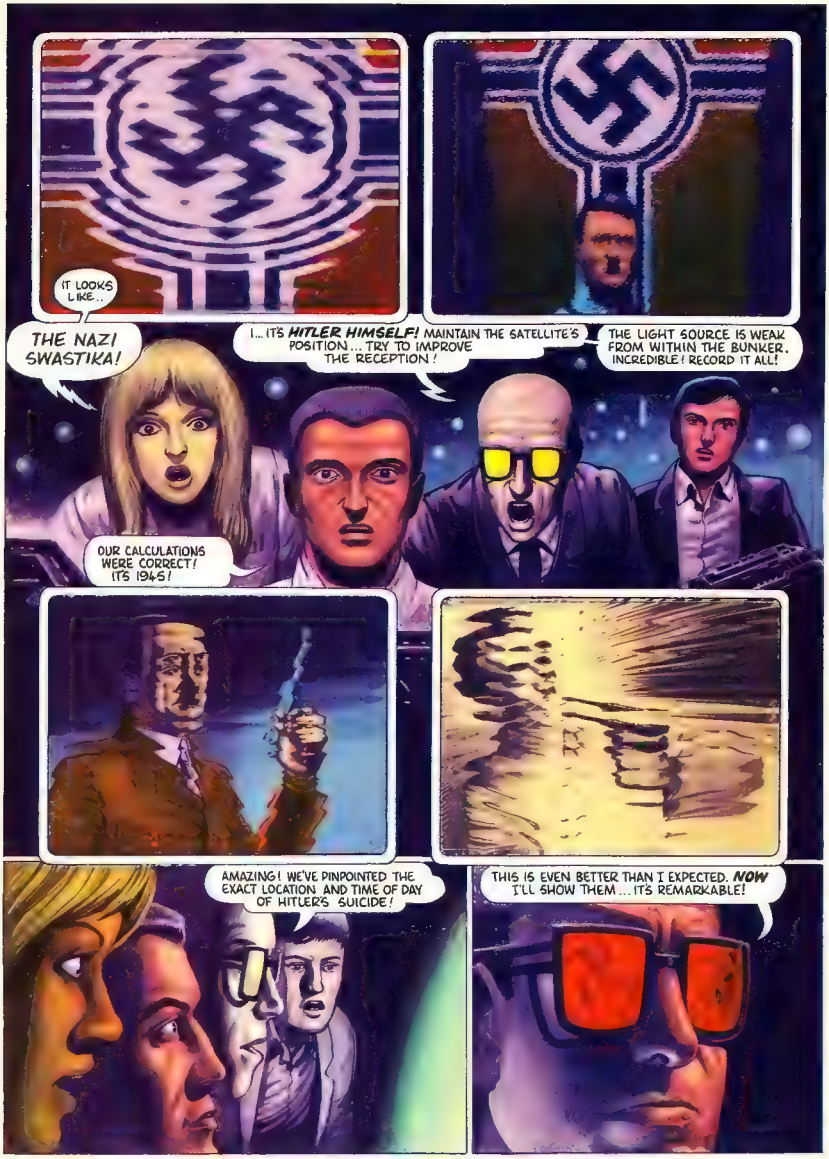
—Ed Naha


WURTHAM VIEW 2000
LIGHT RAYS, EMANATING FROM THE SUN, HIT AN OBJECT AND ARE PARTLY ABSORBED AND PARTLY REFLECTED BY IT.
SOME OF THE REFLECTED RAYS REACH THE LENS OF THE EYE. SOME ARE PROJECTED ON ITS SENSITIVE BACKGROUND— THE RETINA. SOME RAYS CONTINUE OUT INTO SPACE TRAVELING ENDLESSLY AND DIMINISHING GREATLY...


AN IMMENSE SATELLITE, LAUNCHED INTO A PARTICULAR LAYER OF THE IONOSPHERE, WOULD BE ABLE TO DETECT MINUTE REFLECTED TRACES OF THESE RAYS.
...WITH HYPERSENSITIVE EQUIPMENT, IT COULD ESTIMATE THE AGE OF THE RAYS AND THEIR PLACE OF ORIGIN ON EARTH AND, BY BOOSTING THEIR POWER, DIVERT THEM BACK TO EARTH.. TO ONE SPECIFIC POINT.
BLAANG
GET HIM OUT, LODGE!
OH! WHAT THE ?!
I AM DOCTOR WURTHAM, MR WRIGHT. THESE ARE MY ASSISTANTS, MR LODGE AND MISS ROBERTS. IF YOU ARE SUFFICIENTLY RECOVERED, I'D LIKE TO SHOW YOU MY MODEST ESTABLISHMENT.
OUR WORK, IN SIMPLE TERMS, IS RELATED TO TRACKING PARTICULAR LIGHT RAYS... AND THIS IS THE HUB OF OUR OPERATION.
NO ENTRY

THIS, MR WRIGHT, IS SIMPLY A VASTLY POWERFUL AND SOPHISTICATED RETINA IN WHICH WE WILL RECORD THE LIGHT RAYS.
B- BUT

OF COURSE, MR WRIGHT, YOU WILL REALIZE THAT, AS THIS WORK IS SO SECRETIVE, FOR THE TIME BEING...YOU CANNOT BE ALLOWED TO LEAVE!
..BUT SURELY, MR WURTHAM, YOU DON'T MEAN TO KEEP ME.. PRISONER
YOU MUST UNDERSTAND... MY WORK... I MUST LEAVE
WHAK
AH, MR WRIGHT.. I SEE YOU ARE RECOVERING. I MUST OFFER MY MOST SINCERE APOLOGIES...
...FOR USING SUCH EXTREME METHODS... BUT I ASSURE YOU, I WILL REPAY YOU HANDSOMELY...
...FOR THIS INCONVENIENCE WHEN WE BEGIN TO RECEIVE OUR INFORMATION ..WHICH WILL BE SOON.
DOCTOR! THE MACHINE! IT'S BEGINNING TO RECEIVE...
WHAT... WHAT IS IT?!


IT LOOKS LIKE..
THE NAZI SWASTIKA!
I... IT'S HITLER HIMSELF! MAINTAIN THE SATELLITE'S POSITION... TRY TO IMPROVE THE RECEPTION!
THE LIGHT SOURCE IS WEAK FROM WITHIN THE BUNKER. INCREDIBLE! RECORD IT ALL!
OUR CALCULATIONS WERE CORRECT! IT'S 1945!
AMAZING! WE'VE PINPOINTED THE EXACT LOCATION AND TIME OF DAY OF HITLER'S SUICIDE!
THIS IS EVEN BETTER THAN I EXPECTED. NOW I'LL SHOW THEM... IT'S REMARKABLE!

..QUITE, QUITE REMARKABLE... AND NOW ALL THE EFFORT AND INVESTMENT IS REWARDED. OUR FORTUNES ARE MADE. EVEN THIS ONE FILM IS QUITE PRICELESS, DON'T YOU THINK?
HA! IMAGINE IT!...WE HAVE TIME IN OUR HANDS! IF WE SEND THE SATELLITE FURTHER OUT WE CAN GO FURTHER BACK. WHO KNOWS HOW FAR!? WE WILL TELEVISE THE BIRTH OF THE EARTH!.. THE HUMAN RACE! AND IN WEEKLY EPISODES!
THE GREATEST TV SOAP OPERA IN HISTORY.. HISTORY, ITSELF!
EVEN THE HISTORY OF WURTHAM WILL BECOME FICTION. I CAN VISUALIZE IT ALL. WURTHAM, A CHARACTER IN A TELEVISION PLAY, DISCOVERING REALITY TO BE COMPLETE FICTION.
WURTHAM
AND NOW, THE MOMENT YOU HAVE ALL BEEN WAITING FOR... THE BBC PROUDLY PRESENTS, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HISTORY 'FACE OF THE PAST' TELEVISION RECORDED 'LIVE' AS IT HAPPENS..ER HAPPENED. HUNDREDS OF YEARS AGO..
NEWS
PAST BROUGHT TO LIFE!
READ ALL ABOUT IT!
PAST BROUGHT TO LIFE
STORES
Daily Grind
PAST BROUGHT TO LIFE!

TO BE CONTINUED..

I'M AGE

I HAD IT ALL. I USED TO WEAR ALL THE **ANSWERS**.

HEAVY STUFF. I STEPPED HARD. I WAS TIRED. THEN I WENT CRAZY AND ALL THE ANSWERS WERE GONE.

ONE DAY I TOOK A SHOE OFF MY **FOOT** AND PUT IT ON MY **EAR** — AND FOUND THE **OCEAN** IN IT.
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WHEN I STUMBLED ON THE **TRUTH**, THE FALL WOULD HAVE **KILLED** ME IF I HADN'T BEEN TRAVELING **LIGHT**.

...Don't Get Caught Without Your HEAVY METAL!

Berni Wrightson's Hanover Fiste and his ne'er-do-well accomplice Captain Sternn. You've seen them in the magazine, you've seen them on the golden screen, now see them coming and going. This durable, four-color cotton T-shirt is a must for the spring season.

The newest edition of HM fantasy wear—our silver, satin-like jacket, equipped with a cotton lining, and front pockets, too.

The original HM T-shirt comes in red and black and is made of cotton-blend. (Get more for your money that way!)

It's all in the name! Each weighty HM bronze belt buckle is 3¼" × 2" and will fit any standard belt.

Now in! *Heavy Metal*'s new phosphorescent T-shirts! These all-cotton tees are available in "Muscle" (shown) or regular style black shirts. Each are $8.00 (including postage and handling). Order today! You never know when there might be another blackout and your HM T-shirt would be the only light source for miles around!

Heavy Metal
Dept. 384
635 Madison Avenue
New York, NY 10022

Please send me the following item(s):
Captain Sternn T-shirts _____ small _____ medium _____ large at $7.50 each.
Heavy Metal T-shirts _____ small _____ medium _____ large _____ red _____ black at $7.50 each.
Heavy Metal jackets _____ small _____ medium _____ large at $36.00 each.
Heavy Metal belt buckles at $10.95 each.
Phosphorescent T-shirts _____ small _____ medium large reg. _____ "muscle" at $8.00 each.

All prices above include postage and handling.
New York State residents please add applicable sales tax. Total enclosed_____

Name _____

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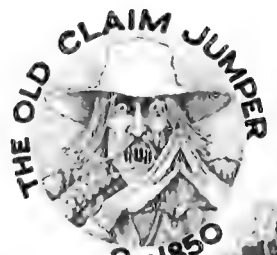
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

If you don't wish to cut the coupon in this ad, but do wish to order, please print or type all applicable info on a separate piece of paper, and enclose it with a check or money order. And you didn't think we were nice guys!



GREETINGS ONCE AGAIN AND WELCOME BACK TO THE **OLD WEST**. WELL THE LONG ANTICIPATED STORM HAS COME TO **HANGMAN'S CORNERS** AND GONE LEAVING IN ITS WAKE A NUMBER OF PECULIARITIES: THE HIDEOUS DEMOLISHMENT OF A **HAPLESS DERELICT** AND THE ODD BUT TIMELY TRANSPORT OF **HERP AND SWEAZ** TO THE GRUESOME SCENE OF SAID GRISLEY TRAGEDY; THE ARRIVAL OF **MAESTRO PAGANO** AND HIS WEIRD COMPANION, **KLEID**; THE AS YET UNEXPLAINED ATTACK UPON THE PERSON OF **PALOMA SUE**, THE NATIVE AMERICAN MAIDSERVANT OF **THE WIDOW BURNS**, SNIDE AND MYSTERIOUS MUTTERINGS OF THE REVOLTING (TO **ME**, AT LEAST) **WIDOW BLACK**, AND THE INTERRUPTED PICNIC OF

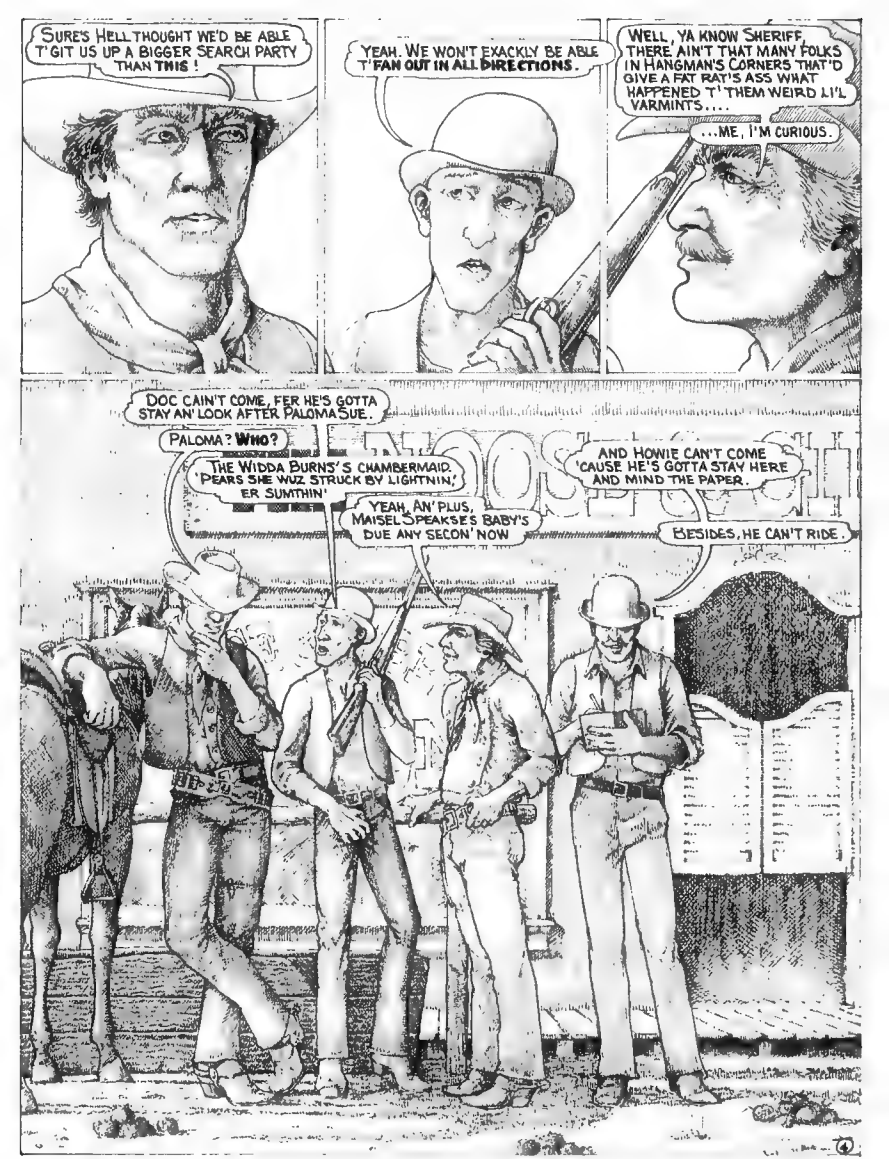
MOX MAN

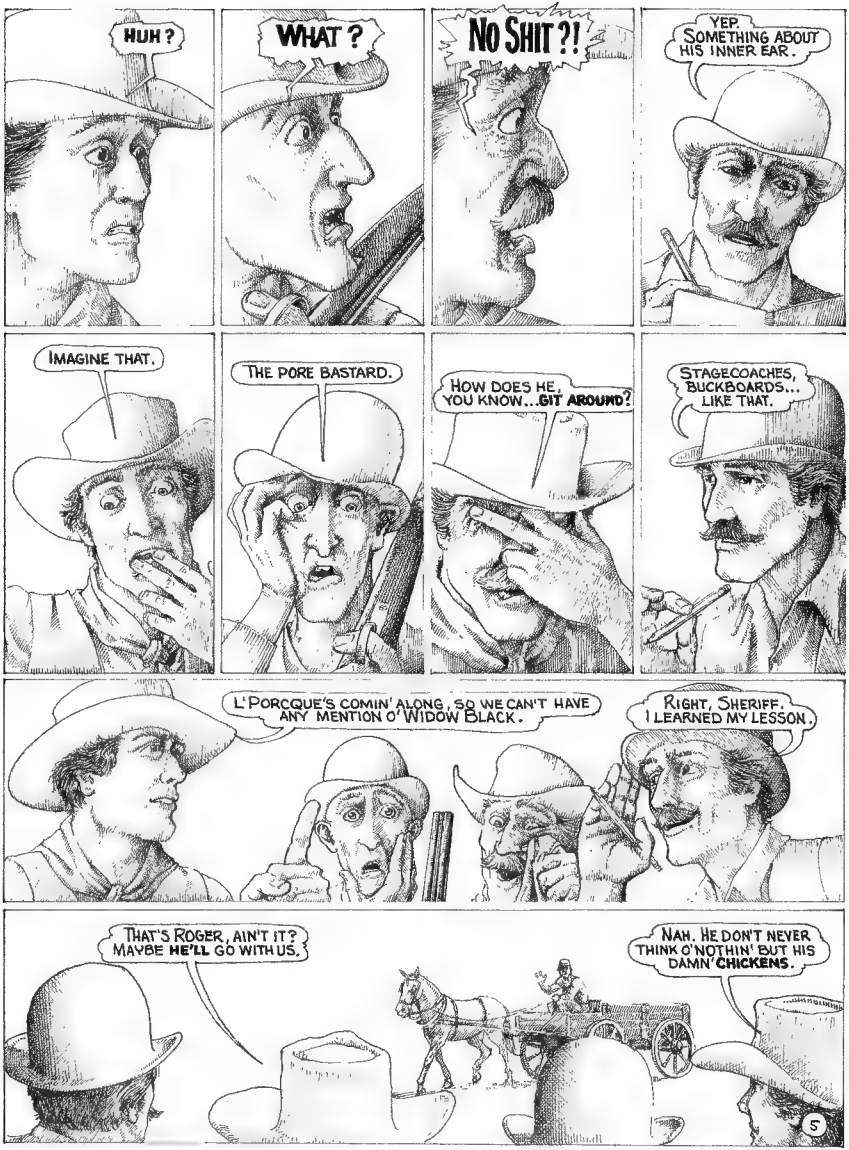
MEETS THE TOAST OF EUROPE · PART 6

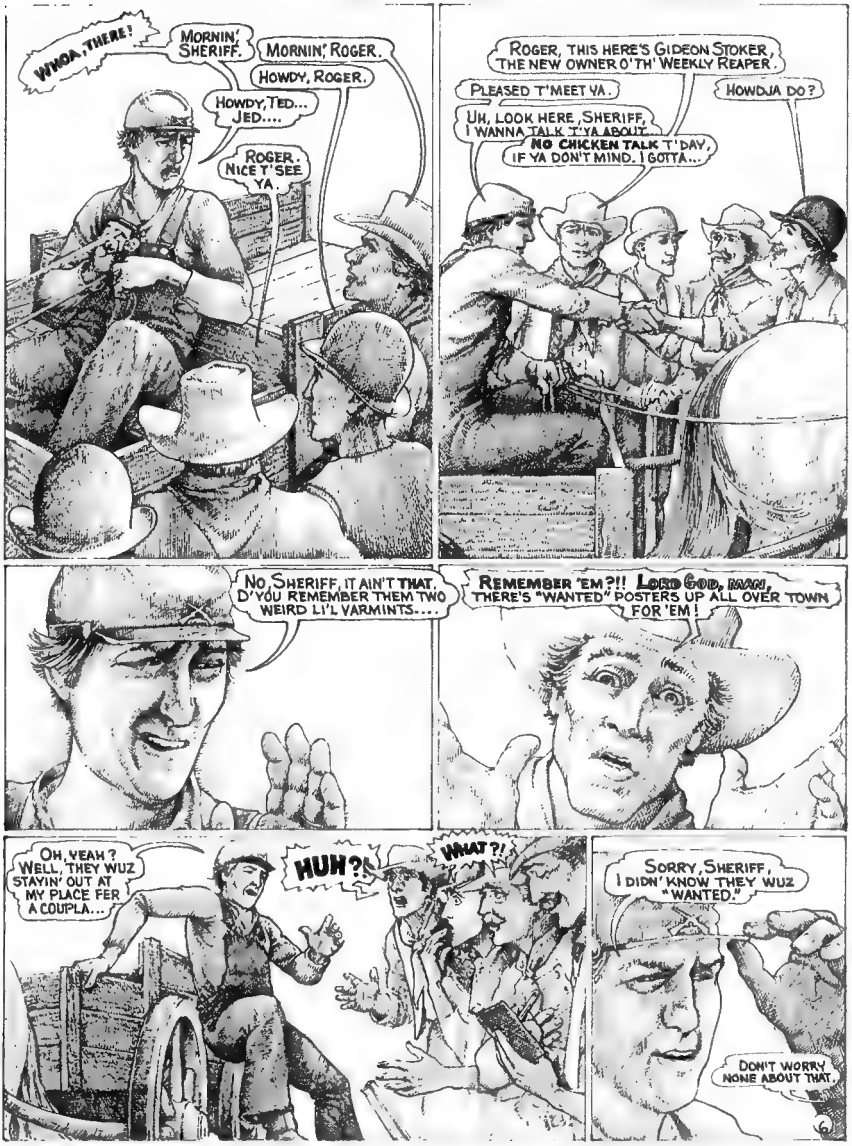
©1985 JOHN FINDLEY

FETCHIN' N' CARRYIN' FER THAT REKKID INJUN!
PROB'LY TANKED T' TH' GILLS ON CHEAP FIRE WATER!
HMMM, SPEAKIN' O' WHICH....
OLD HOGSWEAT
Red Eye Whisky
KEKTHAAAA!!
(BURP!) (COUGH!)
UMMM... A' RIGHT!

HETTIE BURNS'D FLAT SHIT IF SHE KNOWED ABOUT THIS HERE BOTTLE!
LITTLE GOODY-GOODY! THINKS SHE'S GOODER'N GOD! WELL, ONE O' THESE DAYS...
SWEET LI'L WIDDA BURNS IS A-GONNA FIND OUT JUST WHO SHE'S UP AGIN'
HEE HEE HEE!!
COME TO BED
HUH?!
STARTIN T'HEAR THINGS!
TH MIND GOES FUNNY WHEN YER DOG TIRED.
RECKON I BETTER GIT ME SOME SHUT EYE
!?!
THE LAST THUNDERCLAP OF THE DEPARTING STORM DROWNS OUT THE SCREAMS OF WIDOW BLACK AS SHE FINDS HERSELF FORCIBLY, HORRIBLY "TUCKED IN." WE, ON THE OTHER HAND, MOVE FORWARD A FEW HOURS IN TIME AND A FEW HUNDRED FEET UP THE STREET.


SURE'S HELL THOUGHT WE'D BE ABLE T' GIT US UP A BIGGER SEARCH PARTY THAN THIS !
YEAH. WE WON'T EXACKLY BE ABLE T' FAN OUT IN ALL DIRECTIONS.
WELL, YA KNOW SHERIFF, THERE AIN'T THAT MANY FOLKS IN HANGMAN'S CORNERS THAT'D GIVE A FAT RAT'S ASS WHAT HAPPENED T' THEM WEIRD LI'L VARMINTS....
...ME, I'M CURIOUS.
DOC CAIN'T COME, FER HE'S GOTTA STAY AN' LOOK AFTER PALOMA SUE.
PALOMA? WHO?
THE WIDDA BURNS'S CHAMBERMAID. 'PEARS SHE WUZ STRUCK BY LIGHTNIN,' ER SUMTHIN'
YEAH, AN' PLUS, MAISEL SPEAKSES BABY'S DUE ANY SECON' NOW
AND HOWIE CAN'T COME 'CAUSE HE'S GOTTA STAY HERE AND MIND THE PAPER.
BESIDES, HE CAN'T RIDE.


HUH?
WHAT?
NO SHIT?!
YEP. SOMETHING ABOUT HIS INNER EAR.
IMAGINE THAT.
THE PORE BASTARD.
HOW DOES HE, YOU KNOW...GIT AROUND?
STAGECOACHES, BUCKBOARDS... LIKE THAT.
L'PORCQUE'S COMIN' ALONG, SO WE CAN'T HAVE ANY MENTION O' WIDOW BLACK.
RIGHT, SHERIFF. I LEARNED MY LESSON.
THAT'S ROGER, AIN'T IT? MAYBE HE'LL GO WITH US.
NAH. HE DON'T NEVER THINK O'NOTHIN' BUT HIS DAMN' CHICKENS.
5


WHOA, THERE!
MORNIN', SHERIFF.
MORNIN', ROGER.
HOWDY, ROGER.
HOWDY, TED... JED....
ROGER. NICE T'SEE YA.
ROGER, THIS HERE'S GIDEON STOKER, THE NEW OWNER O'TH' WEEKLY REAPER.
PLEASED T'MEET YA.
HOWDJA DO?
UH, LOOK HERE, SHERIFF, I WANNA TALK T'YA ABOUT...
NO CHICKEN TALK T'DAY, IF YA DON'T MIND. I GOTTA...
NO SHERIFF, IT AIN'T THAT, D'YOU REMEMBER THEM TWO WEIRD LI'L VARMINTS....
REMEMBER 'EM?!! LORD GOD, MAAN, THERE'S "WANTED" POSTERS UP ALL OVER TOWN FOR 'EM!
OH, YEAH? WELL, THEY WUZ STAYIN' OUT AT MY PLACE FER A COUPLA...
HUH?
WHAT?!
SORRY, SHERIFF, I DIDN' KNOW THEY WUZ "WANTED."
DON'T WORRY NONE ABOUT THAT.

THEY HELPED ME OUT WITH A... WITH THIS PERSONAL PROBLEM, SO I LENT 'EM A HORSE.
HELPED YA? THEM?!
WULL...YEAH! THEY'S RIGHT GOOD FOLKS!
WHUD I TELL YA?
SO, ANYWAY, I LENT 'EM ONE O' MY HORSES. THIS MORNING TH' HORSE WAS BACK. NO SADDLE, NO LI'L VARMINTS, WITH A WILD LOOK IN HER EYE. PLUMB SCAIRT.
I'M WORRIED FER 'EM.
WE'RE FIXIN' T'GO LOOKIN' FER 'EM JES' AS SOON AS WE KIN GIT US UP A QUORUM.
UH, WULL... I AIN'T GOT ONE, BUT COUNT ME IN.
MEANWHILE, IN THE MOUNTAINS WEST OF TOWN....
NO LIE, MAN, LIKE THAT'S ENOUGH T'GAG A GEEK! I MEAN, WHAT COULDA DONE THIS? TH' TORNADO?
DUNNO, HERP. I'VE KNOWN 'EM T'DO SOME WEIRD THINGS, BUT THIS? I DUNNO.
7

SO, SWEAZ... WHATTA WE GONNA DO? WE AIN'T NO CLOSER T'FINDIN' THE WOMAN IN WHITE THAN WE WERE THREE DAYS AGO.
AND NOW THIS!
WHATTA WE GONNA DO ABOUT THIS?
WE COULD GO BACK TO TOWN AND TELL THE SHERIFF.
OH, YEAH, SWEAZ... RIGHT!
WE COULD BURY HIM AND JUST GO ON OUR WAY.
BURY HIM? UH... WE'D HAFTA, LIKE PICK HIM UP... RIGHT?
..YEAH.
OR... WE COULD GO ON OUR WAY AND PRETEND WE NEVER FOUND HIM.
YEAH. WE COULD DO THAT.
WE COULD DO THAT...
...BUT IT WOULD BE WRONG.

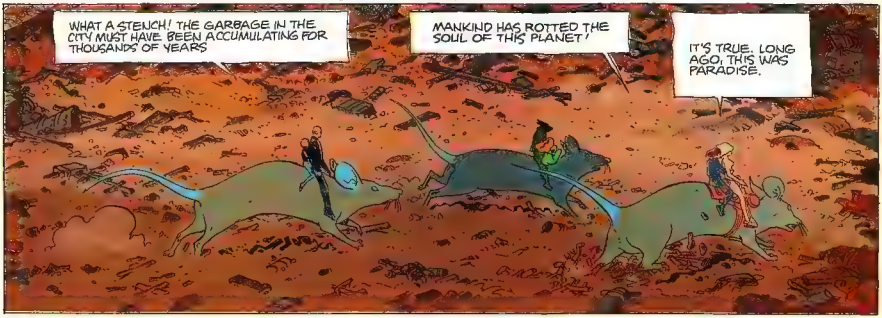
TO BE CONTINUED....

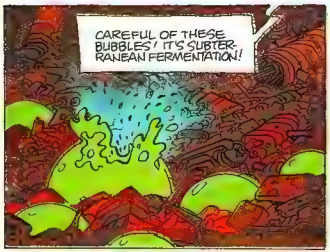
THE THIRD INCAL

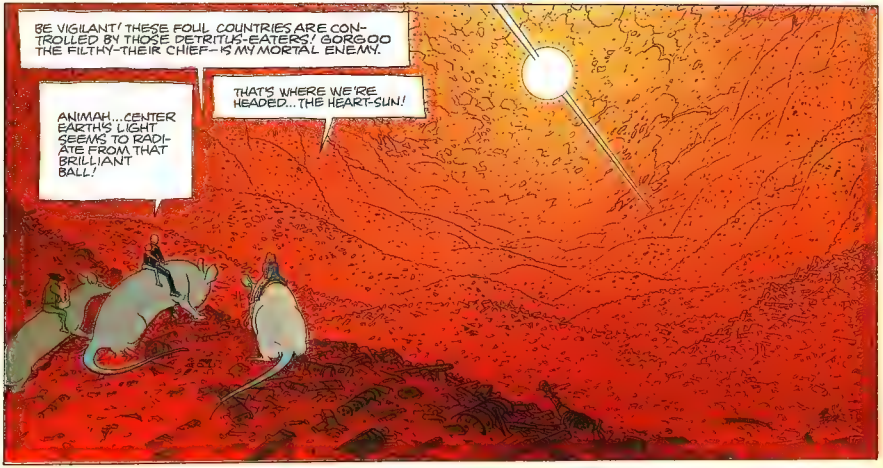
THROUGH THE MUCK AND MIRE
THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF JOHN DIFOOL

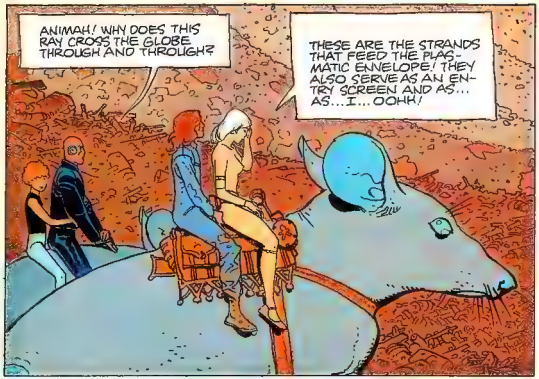
by Jodorowsky and Moebius

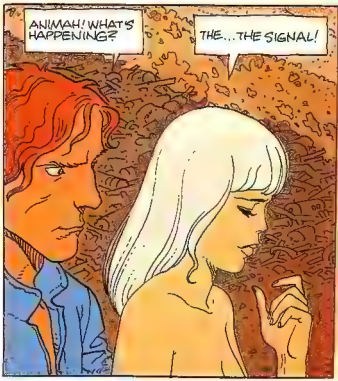
HAVING ESCAPED THE PERILOUS PSYCHO-RATS, JOHN DIFOOL AND HIS COMPANIONS ARE ATTEMPTING TO FIND THEIR WAY OUT OF THE WEIRD WORLD THAT EXISTS BENEATH THE ACID WHIRLPOOL.

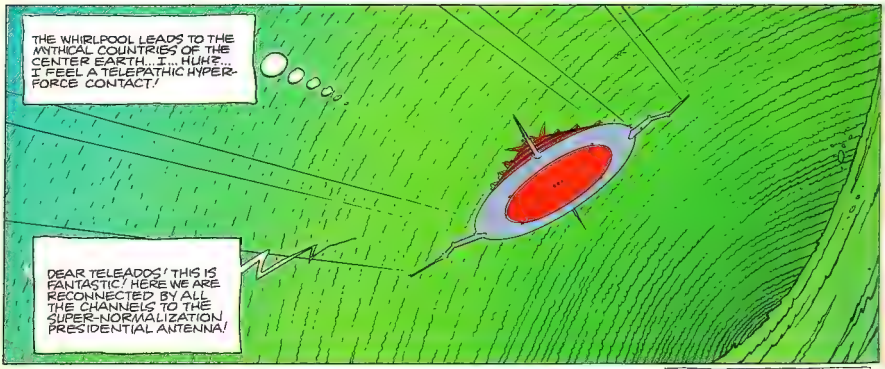

WHAT A STENCH! THE GARBAGE IN THE CITY MUST HAVE BEEN ACCUMULATING FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS
MANKIND HAS ROTTED THE SOUL OF THIS PLANET!
IT'S TRUE. LONG AGO, THIS WAS PARADISE.

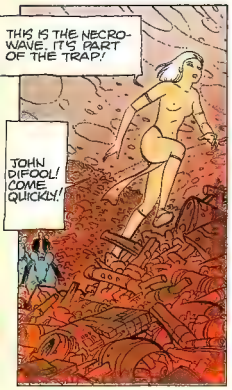


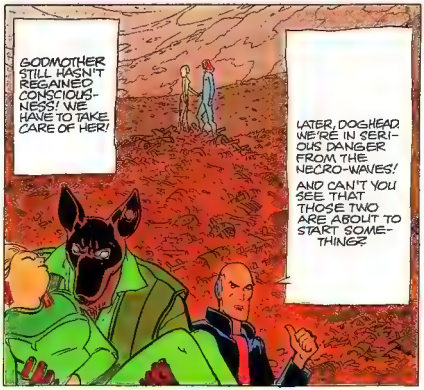

BE VIGILANT! THESE FOUL COUNTRIES ARE CONTROLLED BY THOSE DETRITUS-EATERS! GORGOO THE FILTHY-THEIR CHIEF--IS MY MORTAL ENEMY.
ANIMAH...CENTER EARTH'S LIGHT SEEMS TO RADIATE FROM THAT BRILLIANT BALL!
THAT'S WHERE WE'RE HEADED...THE HEART-SUN!


ANIMAH! WHY DOES THIS RAY CROSS THE GLOBE THROUGH AND THROUGH?
THESE ARE THE STRANDS THAT FEED THE PLASMATIC ENVELOPE! THEY ALSO SERVE AS AN ENTRY SCREEN AND AS... AS... I... OOHH!

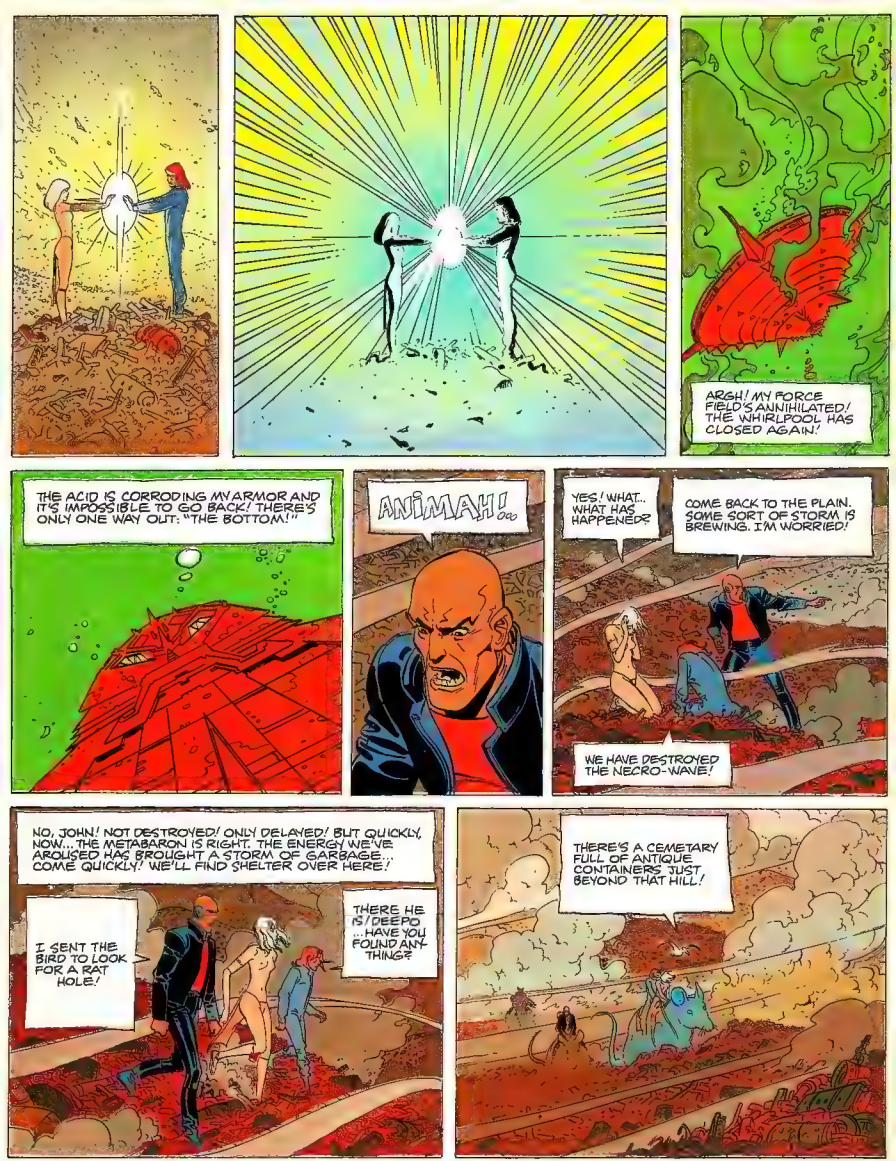

ANIMAH! WHAT'S HAPPENING?
THE... THE SIGNAL!


THE WHIRLPOOL LEADS TO THE MYTHICAL COUNTRIES OF THE CENTER EARTH... I... HUH? I FEEL A TELEPATHIC HYPERFORCE CONTACT!
DEAR TELEADOS! THIS IS FANTASTIC! HERE WE ARE RECONNECTED BY ALL THE CHANNELS TO THE SUPER-NORMALIZATION PRESIDENTIAL ANTENNA!

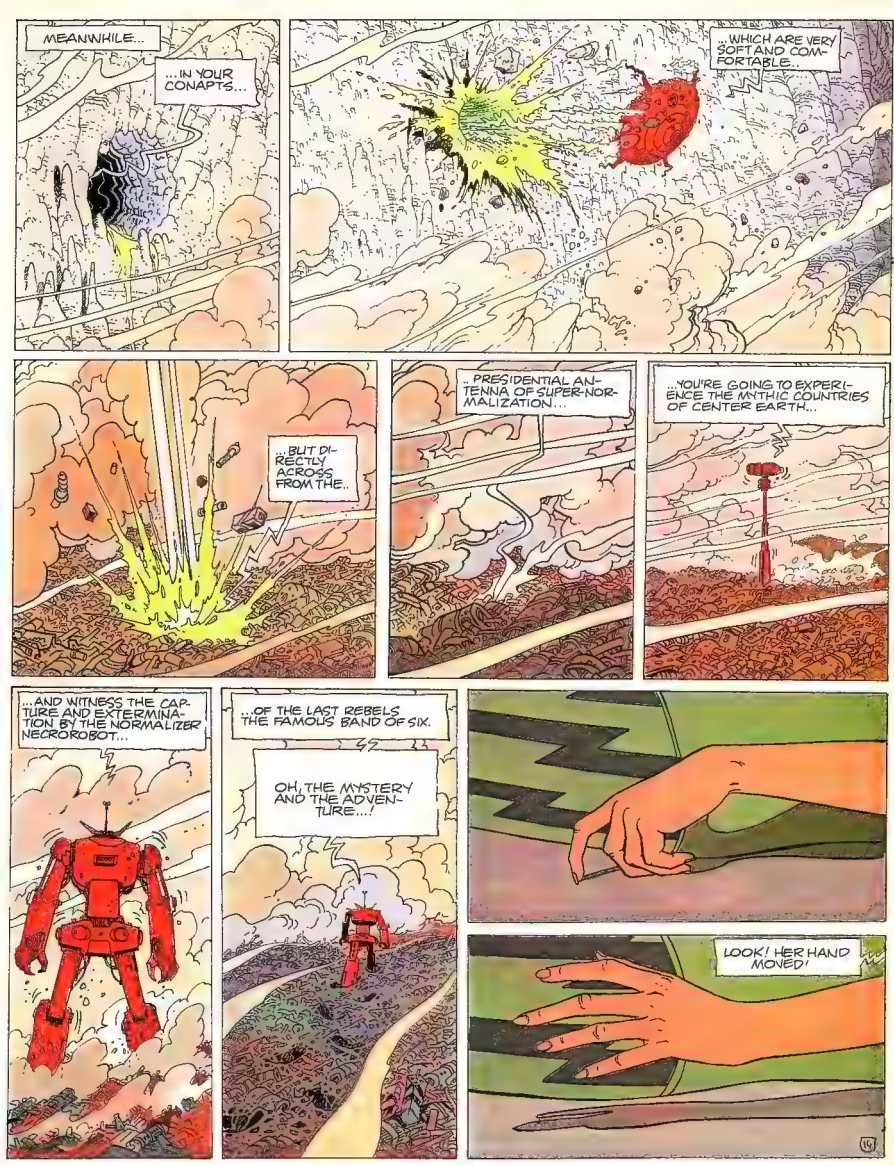

THIS IS THE NECRO-WAVE. IT'S PART OF THE TRAP!
JOHN DIFOOL! COME QUICKLY!!


GODMOTHER STILL HASN'T REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS! WE HAVE TO TAKE CARE OF HER!
LATER, DOGHEAD WE'RE IN SERIOUS DANGER FROM THE NECRO-WAVES!
AND CAN'T YOU SEE THAT THOSE TWO ARE ABOUT TO START SOMETHING?

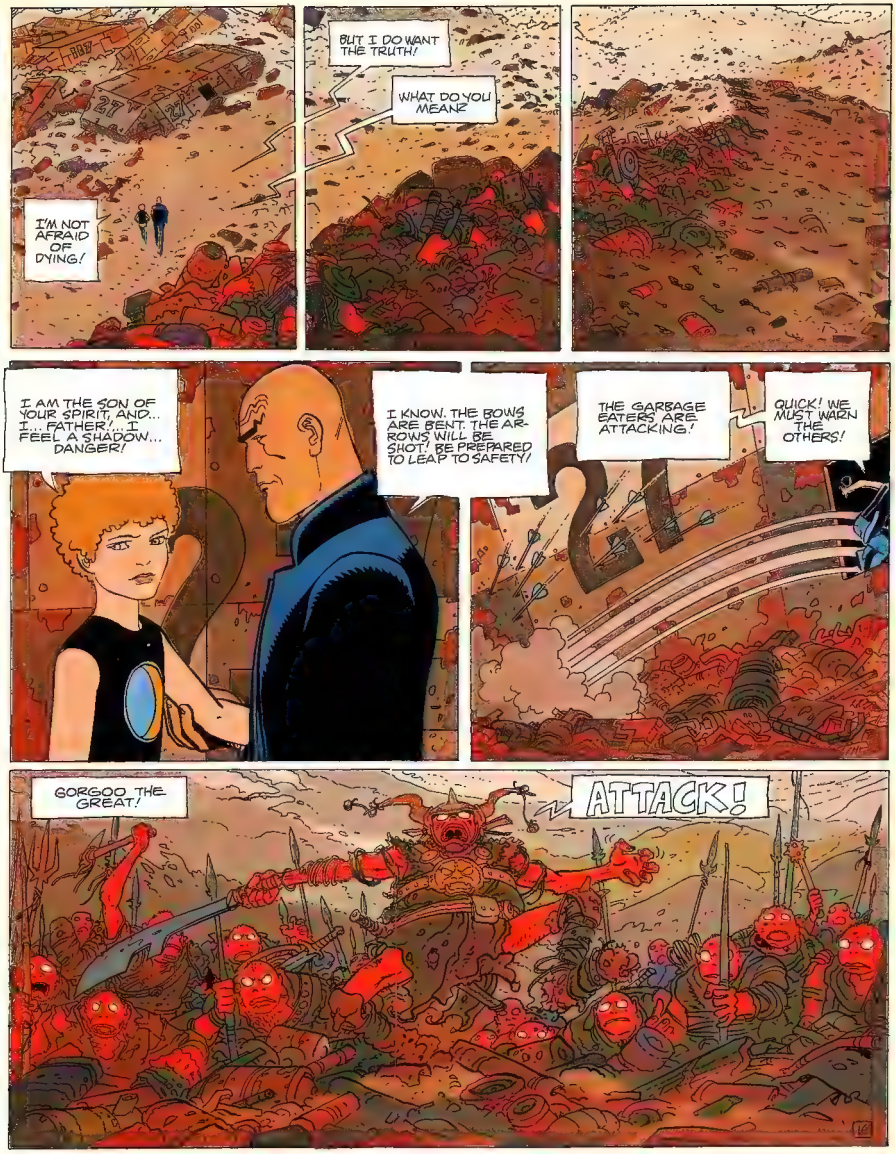
THE COMBINED POWER OF OUR INCALS WILL CLOSE THE WHIRLPOOL ON THE NECRO-WAVES, IN SPITE OF THE PSYCHIC RESISTANCE.
UNDERSTOOD! LET'S CONCENTRATE ON THE CALL OF THE INCAL!

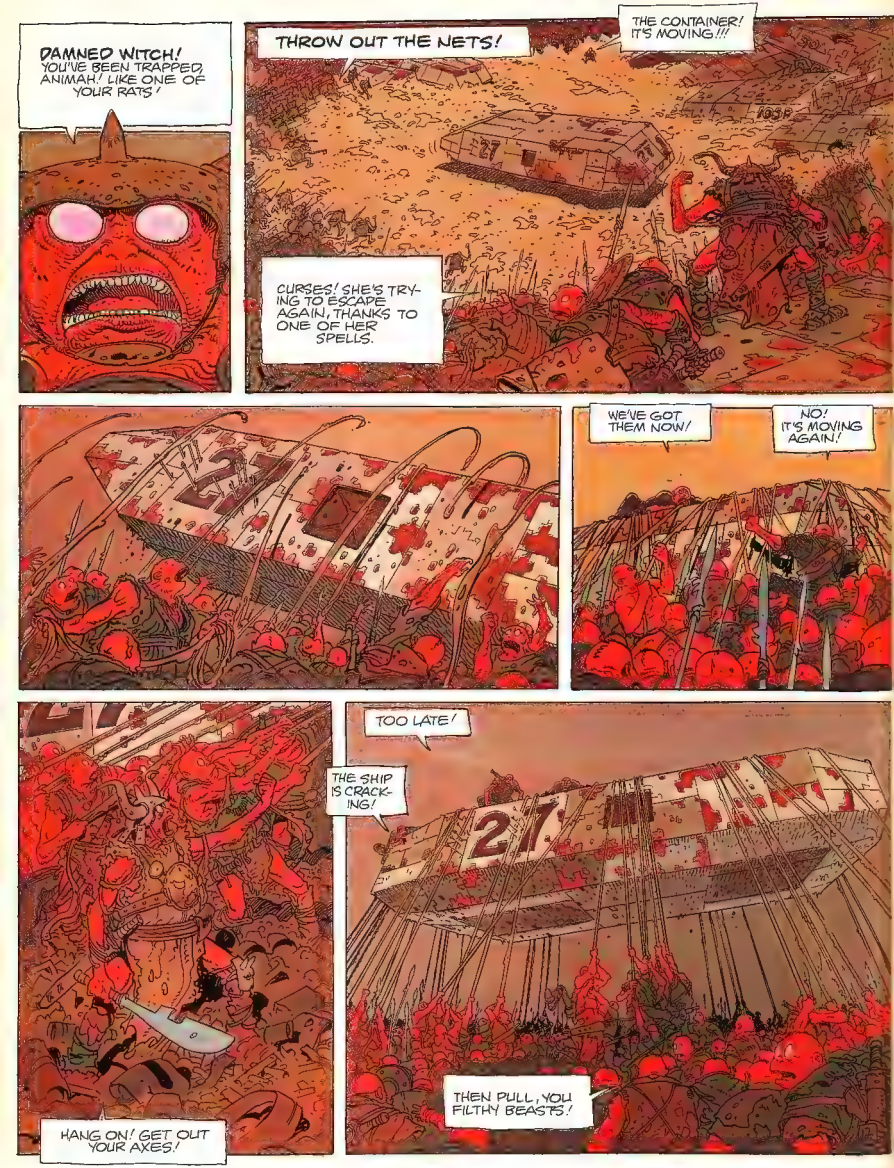

ARGH! MY FORCE FIELD'S ANNIHILATED! THE WHIRLPOOL HAS CLOSED AGAIN!
THE ACID IS CORRODING MY ARMOR AND IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO GO BACK! THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY OUT: "THE BOTTOM!"
ANIMAH!
YES! WHAT... WHAT HAS HAPPENED?
COME BACK TO THE PLAIN. SOME SORT OF STORM IS BREWING. I'M WORRIED!
WE HAVE DESTROYED THE NECRO-WAVE!
NO, JOHN! NOT DESTROYED! ONLY DELAYED! BUT QUICKLY, NOW... THE METABARON IS RIGHT. THE ENERGY WE'VE AROUSED HAS BROUGHT A STORM OF GARBAGE... COME QUICKLY! WE'LL FIND SHELTER OVER HERE!
I SENT THE BIRD TO LOOK FOR A RAT HOLE!
THERE HE IS! DEEPO ...HAVE YOU FOUND ANY-THING?
THERE'S A CEMETARY FULL OF ANTIQUE CONTAINERS JUST BEYOND THAT HILL!

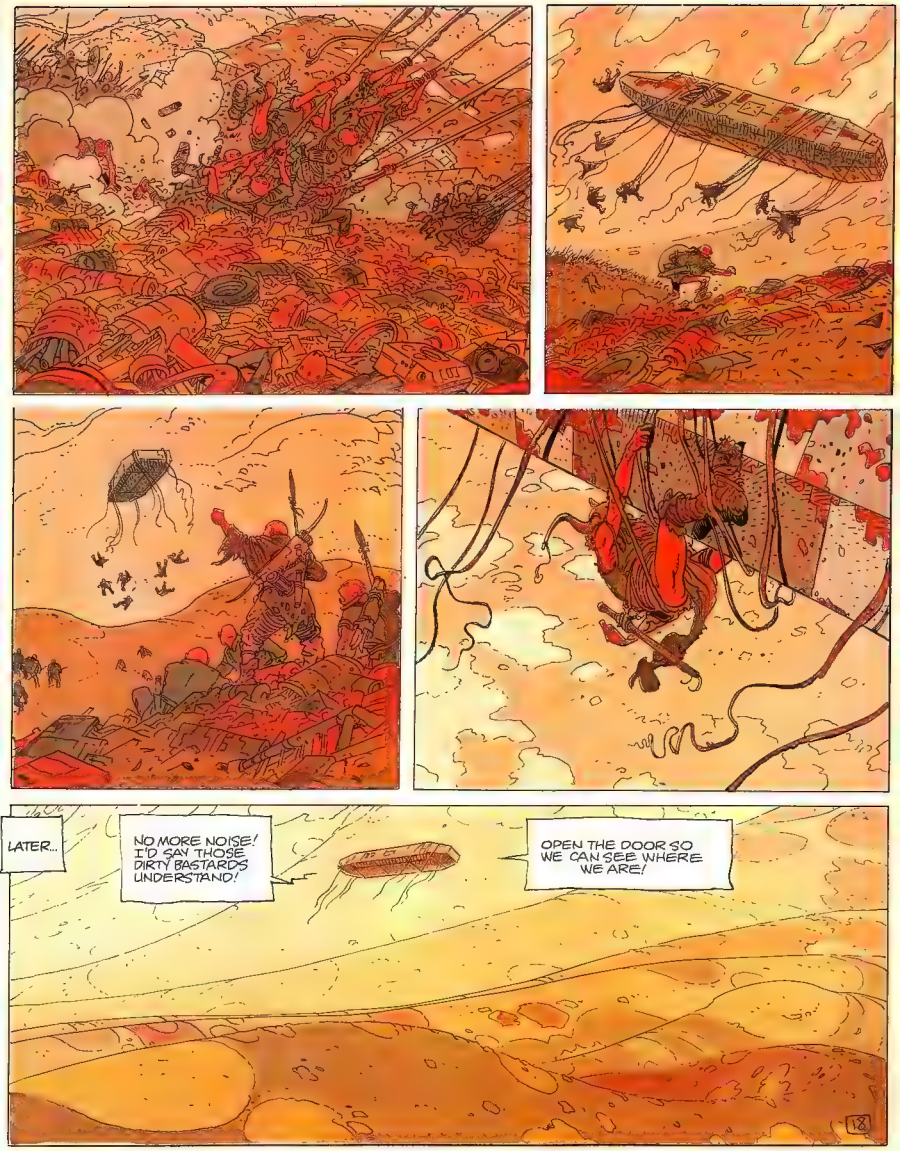
THAT ONE WILL DO THE TRICK!
LOOK! THE WIND IS WHIPPING UP BITS OF METAL!
THIS PLACE IS PRETTY BLEAK, BUT AT LEAST IT'S SHELTER!
GET RID OF THE PSYCHO RATS! THEY ADORE GARBAGE STORMS!
TIME IS PASSING QUICKLY. THE STORM IS AT ITS PEAK AND THE CLOUDS OF DETRITUS ARE POUNDING THE WALLS.
THE SMELL!
AND THAT NOISE!
WE'D BE ASPHYXIATED OUTSIDE!
TORN TO SHREDS!
SO WE MUST PENETRATE THE INTERIOR OF THE SUN??? BUT...
IT'S THE HEART AND SOUL OF THIS WORLD, THE SECRET VESSEL WHICH...
COME SEE! QUICKLY!
HER EYES HAVE OPENED!
SHE'S TRYING TO SPEAK... IN VAIN!
CAN'T WE DO SOMETHING TO SAVE HER?
YOU! YOU HAVE POWERS! PLEASE HELP HER!
WAIT! I FEEL AN ENERGY BLOCK IN HER THROAT!
BROKEN VERTEBRAE!
ANIMAH! LET'S UNITE OUR INCAL POWERS. WE CAN'T LEAVE HER LIKE THIS!
I'LL DRAW THE POISON FROM HER BODY ON THE RIGHT. YOU REJUVENATE HER BODY WITH ENERGY ON THE LEFT.
13

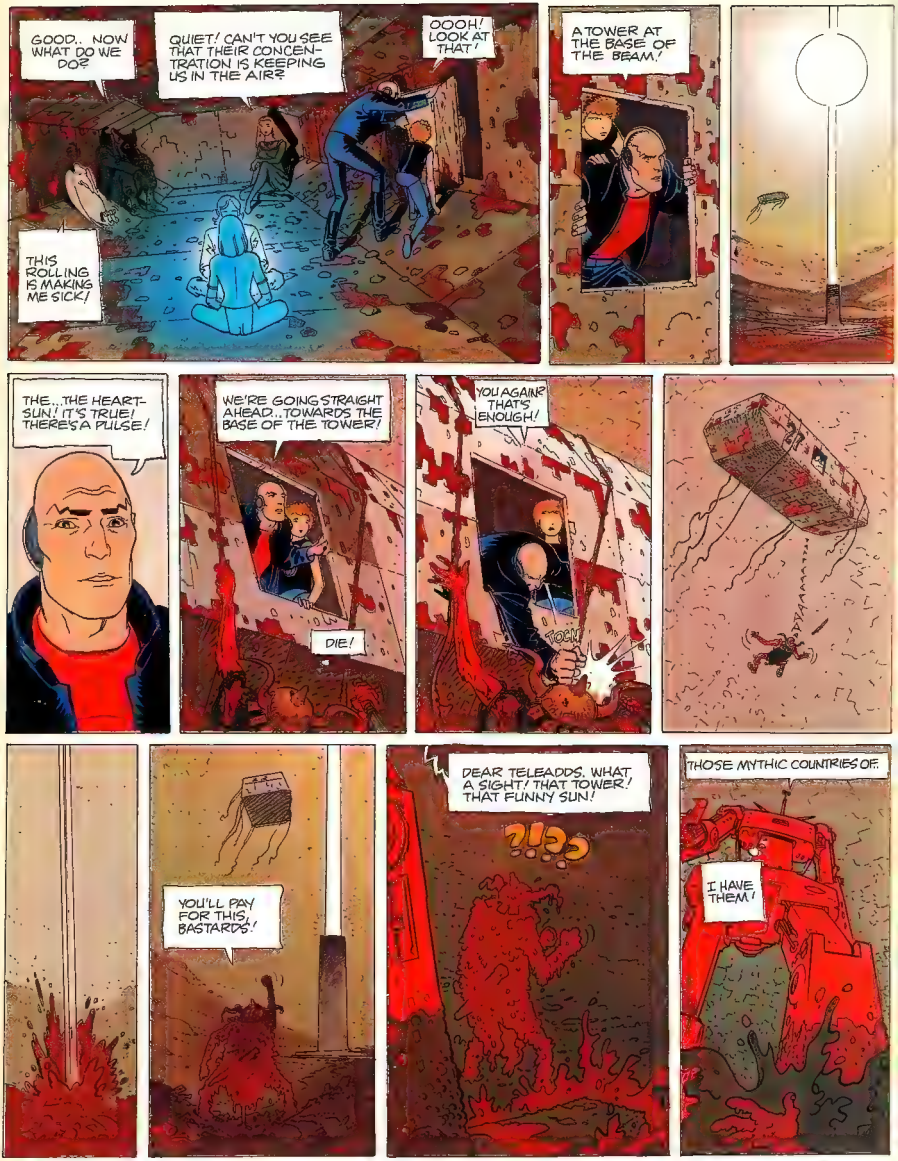

MEANWHILE...
...IN YOUR CONAPTS...
..WHICH ARE VERY SOFT AND COMFORTABLE..
..BUT DIRECTLY ACROSS FROM THE..
.. PRESIDENTIAL ANTENNA OF SUPER-NORMALIZATION...
..YOU'RE GOING TO EXPERIENCE THE MYTHIC COUNTRIES OF CENTER EARTH...
...AND WITNESS THE CAPTURE AND EXTERMINATION BY THE NORMALIZER NECROROBOT...
...OF THE LAST REBELS THE FAMOUS BAND OF SIX.
OH, THE MYSTERY AND THE ADVENTURE...!
LOOK! HER HAND MOVED!

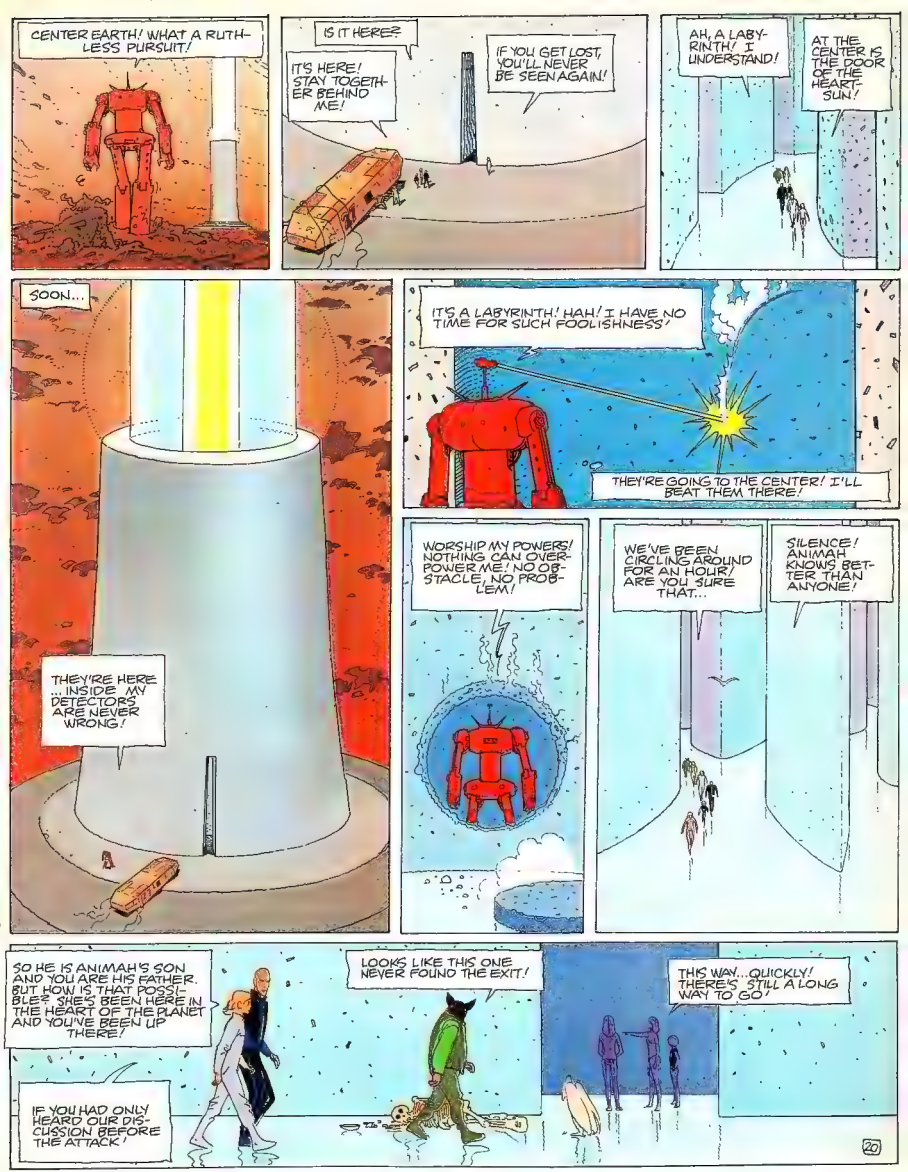
GODMOTHER!
I DIDN'T ASK TO BE CURED!
LEAVE ME ALONE
INGRATE!
ANIMAH! I NO LONGER GUARD THE INCAL! YOU CAN DO NOTHING FOR ME! AND YOU KNOW IT!
LET'S GET SOME SLEEP! THE CEMETARY OF CONTAINERS IS IN GORGOO THE FILTHY'S ZONE, AND WE'LL NEED ALL OUR STRENGTH!
TIME IS PASSING QUICKLY! THE STORM IS BLOWING IN HUGE CLOUDS OF TRASH!
NOTHING WILL STOP ME!
TELEADD FRIENDS! IT IS WITH THIS THRILLING IMAGE OF GARBAGE THAT WE BEGIN OUR PROGRAM..."KILL A REBEL" AND NOW...
AH! THE SIGHT OF A WHIRLPOOL!
WE ARE THE CHAMPIONS OF GARBAGE PRODUCTION!
3D
THE MYTHICAL COUNTRIES OF THE CENTER EARTH! WHO'D BELIEVE IT?
HOW LONG HAVE I BEEN ASLEEP?
THE STORM HAS CALMED. AND MY SON? WHERE IS MY SON?
WHERE ARE YOU?
HERE I AM, FATHER!
SO... IT'S HAPPENED! THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I'VE SEEN YOU CRY.
AND I KNOW WHY...AND FOR WHOM!
SHE HASN'T EVEN LOOKED AT ME!
SHE'S MY MOTHER, YOU'RE MY FATHER... AND NOTHING! WHY DID SHE ABANDON US?
OH, BUT SHE WATCHES OVER US! SHE'S THE ONE WHO OPENED THE WHIRLPOOL OF THE ACID LAKE!
SHE DOESN'T LOVE US!
SON, WE ARE IN GREAT DANGER! SHE MUST ACT AS OUR GUARDIAN!

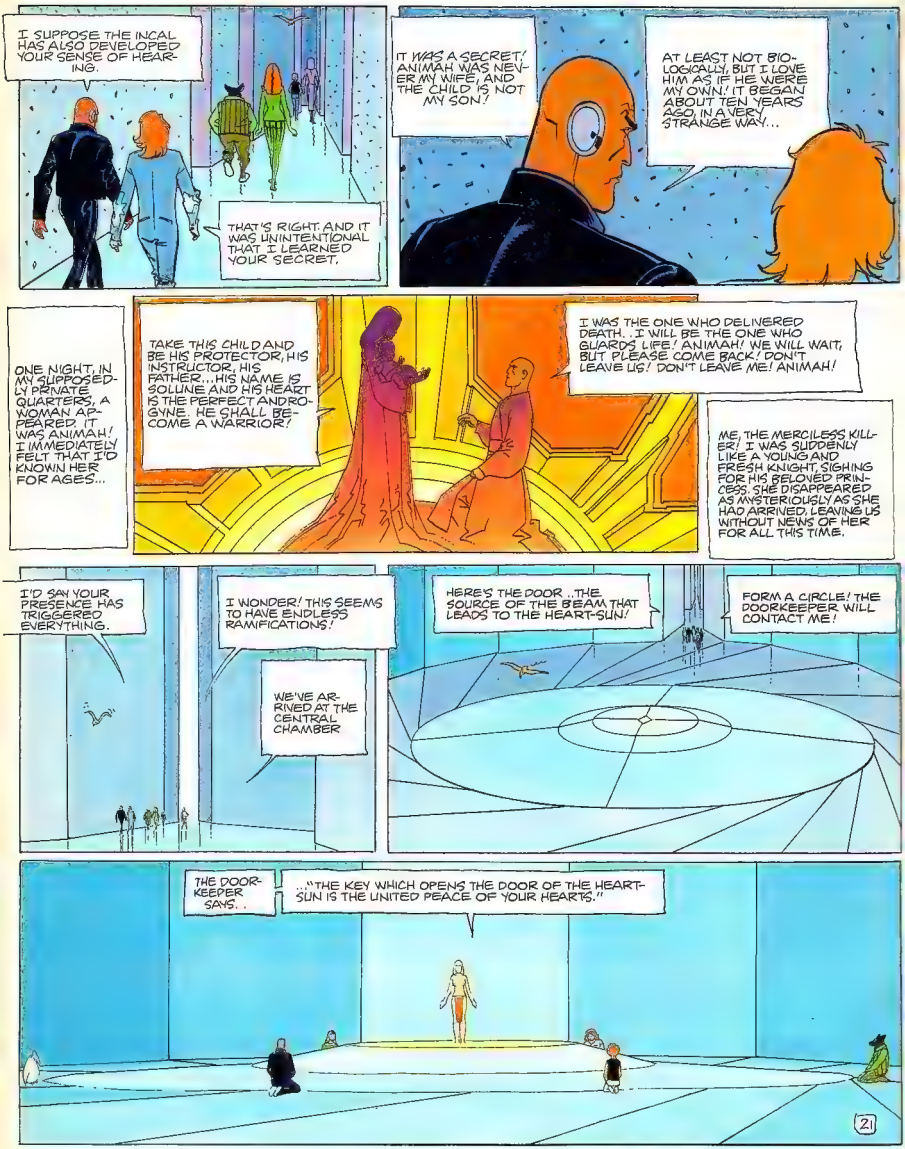

I'M NOT AFRAID OF DYING!
BUT I DO WANT THE TRUTH!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
I AM THE SON OF YOUR SPIRIT, AND... I... FATHER!... I FEEL A SHADOW... DANGER!
I KNOW. THE BOWS ARE BENT. THE ARROWS WILL BE SHOT! BE PREPARED TO LEAP TO SAFETY!
THE GARBAGE EATERS ARE ATTACKING!
QUICK! WE MUST WARN THE OTHERS!
GORGOO THE GREAT!
ATTACK!

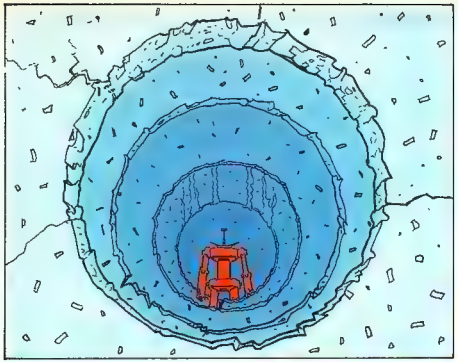

DAMNED WITCH! YOU'VE BEEN TRAPPED, ANIMAH! LIKE ONE OF YOUR RATS!
THROW OUT THE NETS!
THE CONTAINER! IT'S MOVING!!!
CURSES! SHE'S TRYING TO ESCAPE AGAIN, THANKS TO ONE OF HER SPELLS.
WE'VE GOT THEM NOW!
NO! IT'S MOVING AGAIN!
TOO LATE!
THE SHIP IS CRACKING!
HANG ON! GET OUT YOUR AXES!
THEN PULL, YOU FILTHY BEASTS!

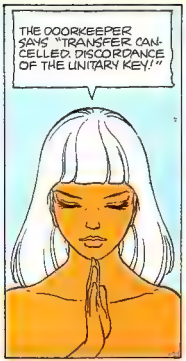

LATER...
NO MORE NOISE! I'D SAY THOSE DIRTY BASTARDS UNDERSTAND!
OPEN THE DOOR SO WE CAN SEE WHERE WE ARE!
18

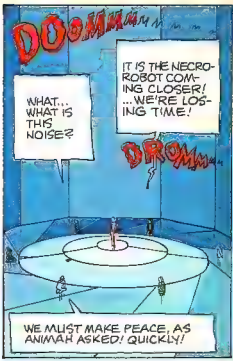

GOOD.. NOW WHAT DO WE DO?
QUIET! CAN'T YOU SEE THAT THEIR CONCENTRATION IS KEEPING US IN THE AIR?
OOOH! LOOK AT THAT!
THIS ROLLING IS MAKING ME SICK!
A TOWER AT THE BASE OF THE BEAM.'
THE..THE HEART-SUN! IT'S TRUE! THERE'S A PULSE!
WE'RE GOING STRAIGHT AHEAD..TOWARDS THE BASE OF THE TOWER!
DIE!
YOU AGAIN! THAT'S ENOUGH!
YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS, BASTARDS!
DEAR TELEADDS. WHAT A SIGHT! THAT TOWER! THAT FUNNY SUN!
?!?!
THOSE MYTHIC COUNTRIES OF.
I HAVE THEM!


CENTER EARTH! WHAT A RUTHLESS PURSUIT!
IS IT HERE?
IT'S HERE! STAY TOGETHER BEHIND ME!
IF YOU GET LOST, YOU'LL NEVER BE SEEN AGAIN!
AH, A LABYRINTH! I UNDERSTAND!
AT THE CENTER IS THE DOOR OF THE HEART-SUN!
SOON...
THEY'RE HERE ...INSIDE MY DETECTORS ARE NEVER WRONG!
IT'S A LABYRINTH! HAH! I HAVE NO TIME FOR SUCH FOOLISHNESS!
THEY'RE GOING TO THE CENTER! I'LL BEAT THEM THERE!
WORSHIP MY POWERS! NOTHING CAN OVERPOWER ME! NO OBSTACLE, NO PROBLEM!
WE'VE BEEN CIRCLING AROUND FOR AN HOUR! ARE YOU SURE THAT...
SILENCE! ANIMAH KNOWS BETTER THAN ANYONE!
SO HE IS ANIMAH'S SON AND YOU ARE HIS FATHER. BUT HOW IS THAT POSSIBLE? SHE'S BEEN HERE IN THE HEART OF THE PLANET AND YOU'VE BEEN UP THERE!
IF YOU HAD ONLY HEARD OUR DISCUSSION BEFORE THE ATTACK!
LOOKS LIKE THIS ONE NEVER FOUND THE EXIT!
THIS WAY...QUICKLY! THERE'S STILL A LONG WAY TO GO!
20

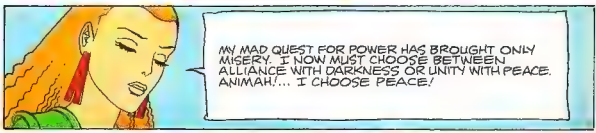

I SUPPOSE THE INCAL HAS ALSO DEVELOPED YOUR SENSE OF HEARING.
THAT'S RIGHT. AND IT WAS UNINTENTIONAL THAT I LEARNED YOUR SECRET.
IT WAS A SECRET! ANIMAH WAS NEVER MY WIFE, AND THE CHILD IS NOT MY SON!
AT LEAST NOT BIOLOGICALLY. BUT I LOVE HIM AS IF HE WERE MY OWN! IT BEGAN ABOUT TEN YEARS AGO, IN A VERY STRANGE WAY...
ONE NIGHT, IN MY SUPPOSEDLY PRIVATE QUARTERS, A WOMAN APPEARED. IT WAS ANIMAH! I IMMEDIATELY FELT THAT I'D KNOWN HER FOR AGES...
TAKE THIS CHILD AND BE HIS PROTECTOR, HIS INSTRUCTOR, HIS FATHER... HIS NAME IS SOLUNE AND HIS HEART IS THE PERFECT ANDROGYNE. HE SHALL BECOME A WARRIOR!
I WAS THE ONE WHO DELIVERED DEATH. I WILL BE THE ONE WHO GUARDS LIFE! ANIMAH! WE WILL WAIT; BUT PLEASE COME BACK! DON'T LEAVE US! DON'T LEAVE ME! ANIMAH!
ME, THE MERCILESS KILLER! I WAS SUDDENLY LIKE A YOUNG AND FRESH KNIGHT, SIGHING FOR HIS BELOVED PRINCESS. SHE DISAPPEARED AS MYSTERIOUSLY AS SHE HAD ARRIVED, LEAVING US WITHOUT NEWS OF HER FOR ALL THIS TIME.
I'D SAY YOUR PRESENCE HAS TRIGGERED EVERYTHING.
I WONDER! THIS SEEMS TO HAVE ENDLESS RAMIFICATIONS!
WE'VE ARRIVED AT THE CENTRAL CHAMBER
HERE'S THE DOOR.. THE SOURCE OF THE BEAM THAT LEADS TO THE HEART-SUN!
FORM A CIRCLE! THE DOORKEEPER WILL CONTACT ME!
THE DOORKEEPER SAYS..
..."THE KEY WHICH OPENS THE DOOR OF THE HEART-SUN IS THE UNITED PEACE OF YOUR HEARTS."
21

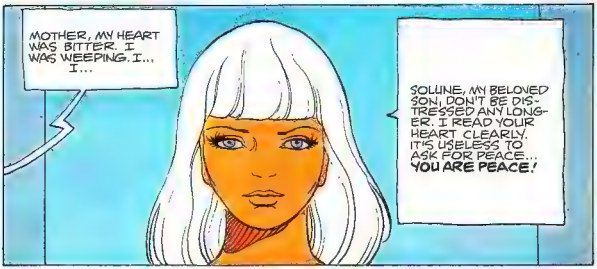


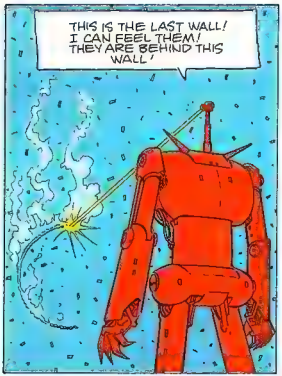

THE DOORKEEPER SAYS "TRANSFER CANCELLED. DISCORDANCE OF THE UNITARY KEY!"


DOOMM
IT IS THE NECRO-ROBOT COMING CLOSER! ...WE'RE LOSING TIME!
WHAT... WHAT IS THIS NOISE?
DROMM
WE MUST MAKE PEACE, AS ANIMAH ASKED! QUICKLY!

THE DOORKEEPER SAYS: SOLUNE MUST MAKE PEACE WITH ANIMAH! TANATAH MUST MAKE PEACE WITH ANIMAH. DOGHEAD MUST MAKE PEACE WITH JOHN DIFOOL!


MY MAD QUEST FOR POWER HAS BROUGHT ONLY MISERY. I NOW MUST CHOOSE BETWEEN ALLIANCE WITH DARKNESS OR UNITY WITH PEACE. ANIMAH!... I CHOOSE PEACE!

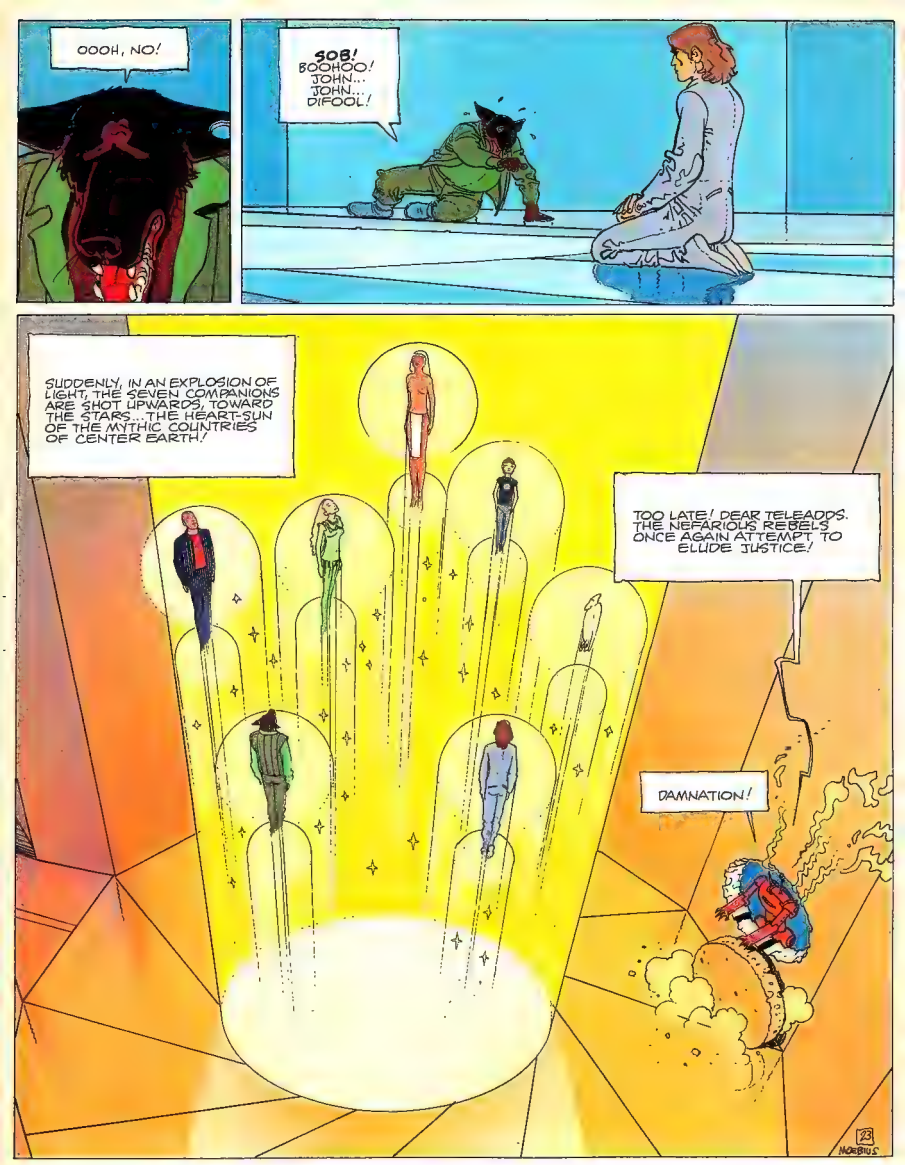

MOTHER, MY HEART WAS BITTER. I WAS WEEPING. I... I...
SOLUNE, MY BELOVED SON, DON'T BE DISTRESSED ANY LONGER. I READ YOUR HEART CLEARLY. IT'S USELESS TO ASK FOR PEACE... YOU ARE PEACE!


THIS IS THE LAST WALL! I CAN FEEL THEM! THEY ARE BEHIND THIS WALL!

SO, DOGHEAD!...YOU ANIMAL! FOR A LOUSY HOLE IN YOUR DAMNED EAR, YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE US ALL MASSACRED!

GRRR! DAMNED DETECTIVE OF CLASS @RRGLB! MAKE PEACE WITH THIS... THIS...

...CURSES! TO HELL WITH IT ALL! I'M GOING TO DISEMBOWEL HIM! I'M GOING TO...
22


OOOH, NO!
SOB! BOOHOO! JOHN... JOHN... DIFOOL!
SUDDENLY, IN AN EXPLOSION OF LIGHT, THE SEVEN COMPANIONS ARE SHOT UPWARDS, TOWARD THE STARS... THE HEART-SUN OF THE MYTHIC COUNTRIES OF CENTER EARTH!
TOO LATE! DEAR TELEADDS. THE NEFARIOUS REBELS ONCE AGAIN ATTEMPT TO ELUDE JUSTICE!
DAMNATION!
MOEBIUS

TO BE CONTINUED...

FORBIDDEN PASSIONS

©1984 Nicola Cuti

"DR. MOBIUS SEEMS RELUCTANT TO BE RESCUED FROM ALTAIR IV. I SUSPECT IT MAY BE BECAUSE HE FEARS FOR HIS DAUGHTER WHO WAS BORN ON ALTAIR AND KNOWS NO OTHER WORLD."
--CMD. J.J. ADAMS
MY DAUGHTER, ULTRIA, MAY APPEAR ODD IN HER MANNERS...
...A BIT SIMPLE--ALMOST CHILDISH. PLEASE KEEP IN MIND THAT ASIDE FROM MYSELF SHE HAS NEVER SEEN A MAN.
WE UNDERSTAND, DR. MOBIUS.
OH DADDY, LOOK AT ALL THOSE LOVELY MEN!
NOW, DARLING, YOU PROMISED ME YOU WOULD BE--
HUBBA, HUBBA, BAAYBEEEE!!
WHAT COLOR ARE YOUR PANTIES?
YA WANNA, YA KNOW, YA WANNA, YA KNOW...
HEY, ULTRIA, LOOK AT ME!
TRICLO, IT'S NOT GRRAD
MY CREW MAY APPEAR ODD IN THEIR MANNERS...
SHE TOUCHED ME! SHE TOUCHED ME!

CHAIN MAIL

Dear *HM*:

Thank you for reading this letter. There is a peculiar question contained herein. There is a letters part of your magazine you call Chain Mail. People write you and you put their letters there. Of course, you cannot be naive and live in New York Sitty and work for a Madison Avenue magazine and not realize that most of your mail will be contentious. So, knowing this, why do you take offense when you get what you expect? I find this peculiar. I don't think I could get as emotional as your *ls* obviously does on a regular schedule without breaking into hives or something. (*If I didn't do it I'd break into hives.—ls*) But maybe living in New York C. does that to people. I've noticed New Yorkers are very contentious people. They seem offended that people live their whole lives outside the City with no ill effects. Or am I missing a fundamental point? Is the Chain Mail page just someplace for *ls* to demonstrate his handiness with sarcasm and other public rudenesses?

(signature unreadable)
Portland, OR

Dear *Metal*:

What's all this crap in your December Chain Mail page about "Ranxerox" having too much gratuitous violence, or showing the reader what "the technological world of tomorrow will be like if man loses all his wisdom and compassion on the road of progress?" Give me a break! These guys who pull some exaggerated meaning out of nowhere from a simple action story lose me. Who knows what they would think if they were to read an Archie comic? As for the reader who said, "By printing 'Ranxerox' you are pimping to the lowest level of cretins in the country," all I can say to him is, the next time you're in a bookstore and you see the next issue of *HM*, don't buy it. Instead, reach for *Better Homes and Gardens*. I like Ranx, and see nothing wrong with an artist expressing himself in the medium he likes best. Corben does it. Moebius does it. Why can't Liberatore?

Ted McKeever
No. Miami Beach, FL

Dear Entertainers:

To the critics of "Ranxerox"'s violence: if you honestly feel threatened by an impossibly powerful robot battling punk-mutants in a fantastic future, perhaps you should go read something a bit less threatening, like *Little Lulu*.

Neal Donavan D. Retke
Carbondale, IL

Dear Editors:

Ranxerox is one of my favorite people. I like him better than Andrew Wyeth or Socrates. I would like him to either run the U.N. or become the commander of a U.S. aircraft carrier.

Dan Rose
Båstad, Sweden

Dear *HM*:

Regarding your December "Rock Opera" strip: We French are not amused. (*That's the one with the "seemingly endless rain of French intellectuals heaping abuse on us . . ." for those with paté-like memories.—ls*) Why don't you not waste your time and please print strips by Jack Kirby or Walt Disney. These are grande artists! We French would think respect of you if you would show "penis" on cover of *Heavy Metal*. Then you would be something. (*Sheesh. And that guy wonders why I get contentious?—ls*)

B.D. Francois
Paris, France

"Ranxerox is one of my favorite people. I like him better than Andrew Wyeth or Socrates."

Dear *HM*:

I write this with mixed feelings. (*Looks more to me like crayon.—ls*) On one hand: I am delighted and enthralled with the quality of *HM*'s spectacular graphics and feature articles. I especially enjoy the incongruity of Lou Stathis's punchy, witty prose style. Have you ever read anything by Thorne Smith, Lou? (*Yes, he's great. For those that haven't—Smith was a satirical writer popular in the 1920s who wrote such novels as* Topper, *basis for the fifties TV series, and* The Bishop's Jaegers. *Ballantine/Del Rey just reprinted a whole bunch of them, which you should all instantly go out and buy.—ls*) So, I have now established that I groove on the high-quality product you madpersons manage to spew forth once a month. On the other hand: I'm alarmed by the boom in geekness among *HM*'s readership, as evidenced way back in the July Chain Mail—pseudo-intellectuals to bondage freaks, the whole gamut of cerebral short-sheeting was run. PLEASE DON'T CHANGE YOUR MAGAZINE! Well, maybe a *little* more emphasis on interviews/reviews and the like, but that's all really.

John Walsh
Middle Village, NY

Dear Sirs:

"The Comics Chopping Block" (November) was a splendid addition. Nice to see someone else reveal Frank Miller's faults after Gary Groth's lengthy send-up in *The Comics Journal*—although with supporters like Joe Kubert and Will Eisner, it's going to be difficult to deflate his outrageous reputation. As a comics connoisseur and point man for new music (commendable exposure jobs for SPK and the Residents), Lou Stathis demonstrates remarkable artistic commitment, even if his style seems confounded with a jazzy parade of associations left over from the Hunter S. Thompson school of syntactical bravura. (*Guilty.—ls*) Images relying on pop cultural acumen indicate a rather unappealing superciliousness. Moreover, Stathis appears overly righteous and dogmatic, attempting Yankee extremism in counterpart to Tony Parsons and Julie Birchill. (*Two limey ravers and crypto-Stalinist assholes most often seen in the* New Musical Express *and* The Face.*.—ls*) Finally, I disagree emphatically about Ditko's "The Missing Man" in *The Rocketeer*. I consider most of Ditko's recent work to be stylistically superior to a lot of other comic work, and when his plotting faculties are sound (*???—ls*), he produces intriguing, distinctive work. Chaykin's *American Flagg* sets another striking example of writing skill honed on scattered pop culture influences, lacking depth thematically and stylistically while offering characters, like Frank Miller's, who are postulates of clichés reconstituted form old genre fiction, television, and comics themselves.

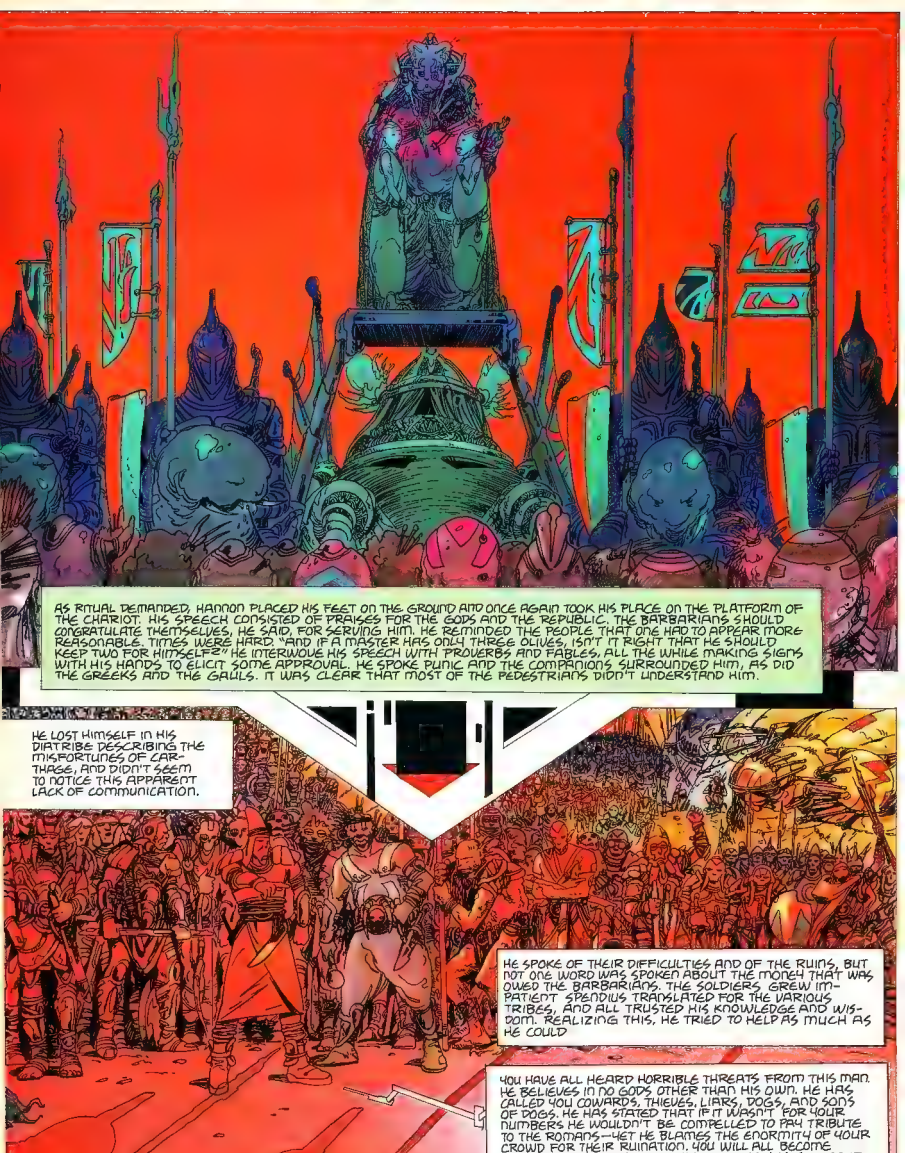
Tony Daley
Chicago, IL

I see nothing wrong in packing something with pop culture references in order to make a point. I'm trying to draw cross-cultural parallels and resonances from what I find to be the best indicator at hand for the true measure of our thoughts and feelings. The pop arts are a sort of psychic graffiti wall, and to really snare the attention of casual passersby you must engage them, entertain them, stimulate them, and ultimately communicate something about your individual humanity. That's the common linkage between Will Eisner, Raymond Chandler, David Cronenberg, the Residents, Captain Beefheart, Philip K. Dick, and all the others we've championed in these pages who've molded degraded pop artforms into something very much their own. As to Chaykin's American Flagg, *I find the density of references there adds substance to the satire/pastiche that you say he recycles. To me it's both a good example of, as well as a trenchant parody of, comic book adventure melodrama.—ls*

SALAMMBO II

BY PHILIPPE DRUILLET
ADAPTED FROM
GUSTAVE FLAUBERT'S
SALAMMBO.

LAST WE READ, HANNON WAS ABOUT TO ADDRESS THE PEOPLE HE HAD LOATHED AND PATRONIZED.


AS RITUAL DEMANDED, HANNON PLACED HIS FEET ON THE GROUND AND ONCE AGAIN TOOK HIS PLACE ON THE PLATFORM OF THE CHARIOT. HIS SPEECH CONSISTED OF PRAISES FOR THE GODS AND THE REPUBLIC. THE BARBARIANS SHOULD CONGRATULATE THEMSELVES, HE SAID, FOR SERVING HIM. HE REMINDED THE PEOPLE THAT ONE HAD TO APPEAR MORE REASONABLE. TIMES WERE HARD "AND IF A MASTER HAS ONLY THREE OLIVES, ISN'T IT RIGHT THAT HE SHOULD KEEP TWO FOR HIMSELF?" HE INTERWOVE HIS SPEECH WITH PROVERBS AND FABLES, ALL THE WHILE MAKING SIGNS WITH HIS HANDS TO ELICIT SOME APPROVAL. HE SPOKE PUNIC AND THE COMPANIONS SURROUNDED HIM, AS DID THE GREEKS AND THE GAULS. IT WAS CLEAR THAT MOST OF THE PEDESTRIANS DIDN'T UNDERSTAND HIM.
HE LOST HIMSELF IN HIS DIATRIBE DESCRIBING THE MISFORTUNES OF CARTHAGE, AND DIDN'T SEEM TO NOTICE THIS APPARENT LACK OF COMMUNICATION.
HE SPOKE OF THEIR DIFFICULTIES AND OF THE RUINS, BUT NOT ONE WORD WAS SPOKEN ABOUT THE MONEY THAT WAS OWED THE BARBARIANS. THE SOLDIERS GREW IMPATIENT. SPENDIUS TRANSLATED FOR THE VARIOUS TRIBES, AND ALL TRUSTED HIS KNOWLEDGE AND WISDOM. REALIZING THIS, HE TRIED TO HELP AS MUCH AS HE COULD
YOU HAVE ALL HEARD HORRIBLE THREATS FROM THIS MAN. HE BELIEVES IN NO GODS OTHER THAN HIS OWN. HE HAS CALLED YOU COWARDS, THIEVES, LIARS, DOGS, AND SONS OF DOGS. HE HAS STATED THAT IF IT WASN'T FOR YOUR NUMBERS HE WOULDN'T BE COMPELLED TO PAY TRIBUTE TO THE ROMANS—YET HE BLAMES THE ENORMITY OF YOUR GROUP FOR THEIR RUINATION. YOU WILL ALL BECOME SLAVES AGAIN. OUTSIDE OF THE CAMP HE HAS STATIONED A RESERVE OF HIS TROOPS. JUST ONE WORD FROM HIM AND THEY WILL ATTACK AND BUTCHER EACH AND EVERY ONE OF YOU.

ELBOWING HIS WAY THROUGH THE CROWD WAS A SHADOW OF A HUMAN BEING. "THEY KILLED THEM! YES, THEY KILLED THEM ALL! CRUSHED LIKE GRAPES! ALL OF THOSE INNOCENT YOUNG MEN. JUST BECAUSE THEY WERE REVOLUTIONARIES!"

MY COMPANIONS AND YOURS! THEY FOUGHT FOR WHAT THEY BELIEVED IN AND WERE SLAUGHTERED BECAUSE OF IT!

HE WAS THE SINGLE SURVIVOR. THE ONE WHO WAS ALLOWED TO LIVE TO TELL THE TALE. THE ANGER UNFURLED AS HE TOLD HORROR STORIES OF THE DEATHS. HANNON HAD BARELY ENOUGH TIME TO FLEE. SPENDIUS HAD WON.

STAND UP, MASTER. WE ARE LEAVING.

WHERE ARE WE GOING?

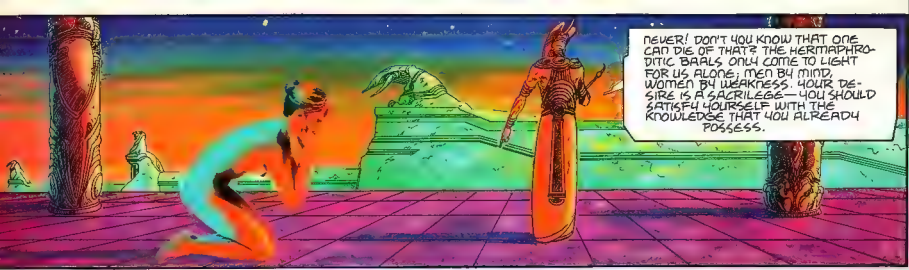
TO CARTHAGE!

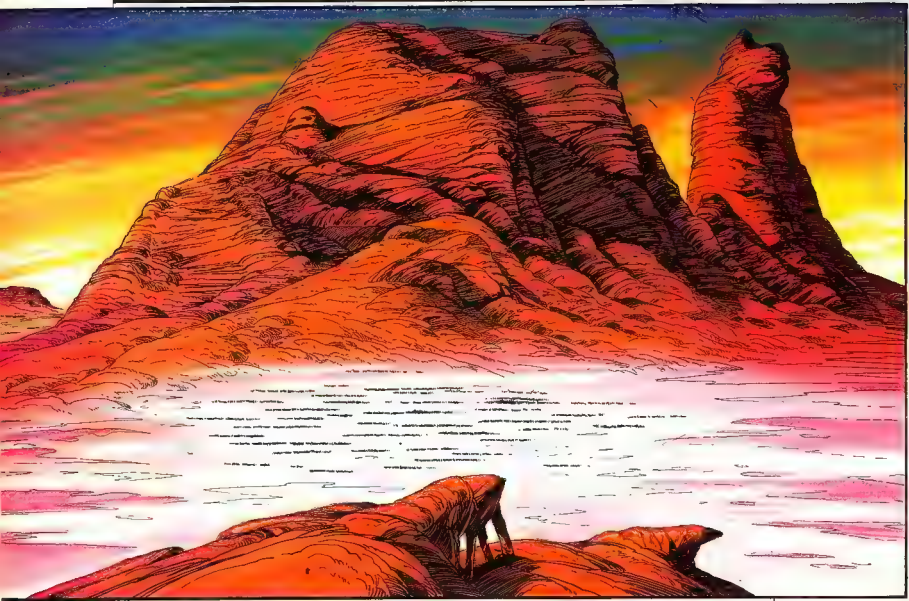
A CARTHAGE

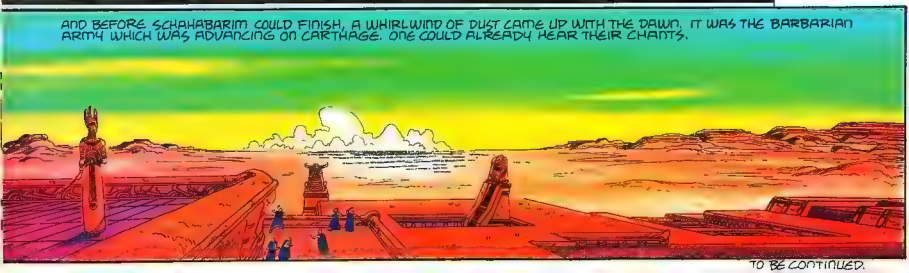
"O RABBETNA! BAALET! TANIT!" THE PLAINTIVE VOICE SANG OUT, AS IF CALLING SOMEONE. "ANANTIS! ASTARTE! DERCETO! ASTORETH! MYLITTA! ATHARA! ELISSA! TIRATHAL! BY THE HIDDEN SYMBOLS! BY THE RESOUNDING LUTES! BY THEIR FIELDS OF THE EARTH! BY THE ETERNAL SILENCE AND THE ETERNAL FERTILITY, DOMINEERING WOMEN OF THE DARK SEA AND THE BLUE BEACHES. O QUEEN OF THE WATER, GREETINGS! WIVES CALL OUT YOUR NAME IN THE PAIN OF CHILDBIRTH! YOU INFLATE THE SHELL. YOU MAKE THE WINES BUBBLE. YOU PETRIFY THE CADAVERS. YOU FORM THE PEARLS AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA. AND ALL THE GERMS, O GODDESS. FERMENTING IN THE DARKNESS OF YOUR WETNESS. BUT YOU ARE TERRIBLE, MISTRESS. IT'S BY YOU THAT THE MONSTERS ARE PRODUCED... YES, THE FLYING PHANTOMS, THE LIVING DREAMS. YOUR EYES DEVOUR THE STONES OF BUILDINGS. THE ANIMALS GROW OLD AS YOU STAY YOUNG."

SHE HAD GROWN DESPITE HER UNWORLDLINESS. SHE HAD BECOME WHAT SHE WAS LEAST EXPECTED TO BE—YOUNG AND PURE. SHE HAD ALWAYS BEEN SURROUNDED BY EXQUISITE AND SOLEMN THINGS. HER BODY SMELLED OF SWEET PERFUME AND HER SOUL WAS FULL OF PRAYER. SHE HAD NEVER TASTED WINE, NOR EATEN MEAT, NOR TOUCHED AN UNCLEAN BEAST, NOR PLACED HER HEELS IN THE HOUSE OF A DEAD PERSON.
YES, SHE WAS A CONTRADICTION OF TERMS, BUT SALAMMBO ADORED HER, NONETHELESS. ONCE THE GODDESS TOOK SICK AND SALAMMBO WISHED THE ILLNESS ON HERSELF. AS THE GODDESS GOT STRONGER, SALAMMBO GREW WEAKER. THE GODDESS CAME TO LIFE THAT VERY EVENING. SALAMMBO ALMOST DIED DURING THE ECLIPSE.
BUT RABBET'S DECEIT WAS STRONGER THAN HER INNOCENCE AND SHE TORMENTED SALAMMBO.

SCHAHABARIM, FOR WHOM SALAMMBO HAD SEARCHED, APPEARED. HE WAS TANIT'S GREAT-PRIEST AND HAD RAISED SALAMMBO.
-"SPEAK!", HE SAID. "WHAT DO YOU WANT?"
-"I WAS WONDERING. WELL, YOU PROMISED..." SHE STAMMERED UNTIL ALL OF A SUDDEN...
-"WHY DO YOU HATE ME SO? HAVE I FORGOTTEN SOMETHING IN THE RITES? YOU ARE MY MASTER AND YOU HAVE TAUGHT ME THE SKILLS OF A GODDESS, BUT THERE ARE SOME THINGS THAT YOU HAVE NEGLECTED TO TEACH ME. PLEASE TELL ME IF THIS IS SO, O FATHER!"
SCHAHABARIM, WHO REMEMBERED THE ORDERS OF HAMILCAR, ANSWERED:
-"THERE IS NOTHING ELSE TO TEACH YOU."
-"I MUST KNOW THE TRUTH," SHE INSISTED.
BUT THE PRIEST INTERRUPTED HER WITH MEMORIES OF DAYS BEFORE: "BEFORE THE GODS, THE DARKNESS WAS ALONE AND A BREATH FLOATED, HEAVY AND INDISTINCT, LIKE THE CONSCIENCE OF A MAN IN DEEP SLEEP. ALL THAT MOVED WERE THE IMPRISONED MONSTERS, STUCK IN FROZEN, MUDDY WATER. TO THIS VERY DAY, THE REMAINS OF THOSE SEA CREATURES DECORATE THE WALLS OF THE SANCTUARY."
-"BUT WHAT HAS THIS TO DO WITH ME?"
HE HAD TOLD HER THE SECRET OF THE ORIGINS IN ORDER TO DISTRACT HER FROM HER ASPIRATIONS. BUT THE DESIRE OF THE VIRGIN FLARED UP AGAIN. HE REALIZED THAT SHE WAS UNDER SOME SORT OF A SPELL AND TOOK ADVANTAGE OF HER READINESS TO LEARN:
-"YOU SHALL INSPIRE AND GOVERN THE LOVE OF MEN."
-"YES, THE LOVE OF MEN..." SALAMMBO REPEATED.
-"YOU ARE THE SOUL OF CARTHAGE AND EVEN THOUGH YOU ARE WITH EVERYMAN, IT IS HERE THAT YOU RESIDE UNDER THE SACRED VEIL."
O FATHER, I WILL SEE HER, WON'T I? YOU WILL TAKE ME TO HER. I HAVE HESITATED FOR A LONG TIME. THE CURIOSITY OF HER FORM HAS DEVOURED ME. PITY ME! HELP ME! TAKE ME TO HER!


NEVER! DON'T YOU KNOW THAT ONE CAN DIE OF THAT? THE HERMAPHRODITIC BAALS ONLY COME TO LIGHT FOR US ALONE: MEN BY MIND, WOMEN BY WEAKNESS. YOUR DESIRE IS A SACRILEGE— YOU SHOULD SATISFY YOURSELF WITH THE KNOWLEDGE THAT YOU ALREADY POSSESS.




AND BEFORE SCHAHABARIM COULD FINISH, A WHIRLWIND OF DUST CAME UP WITH THE DAWN. IT WAS THE BARBARIAN ARMY WHICH WAS ADVANCING ON CARTHAGE. ONE COULD ALREADY HEAR THEIR CHANTS.

TO BE CONTINUED.

HM's STAR DISSECTIONS

SCRIPT: JOSH ALAN FRIEDMAN ART: DREW FRIEDMAN

FUTURE TELEVISION PRESENTS

BOB HOPE'S 100th BIRTHDAY

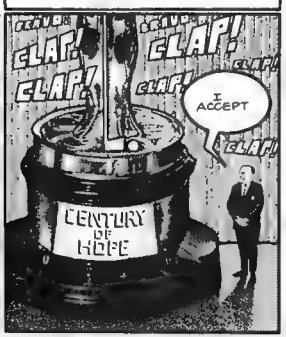
BY THE YEAR 2003, BOB HOPE WILL HAVE BROUGHT JOY AND LAUGHTER TO THE WORLD FOR ONE HUNDRED YEARS

THROUGH THESE YEARS OF COMEDY, HIS SHREWD BUSINESS INVESTMENTS HAVE GAINED HIM CONTROL OVER MOST OIL AND LAND HOLDINGS IN THE USA, AS WELL AS MINUTE MAID.

THE NATION PAYS HOMAGE WITH A TWENTY-MEGATON SALUTE AND DETONATES A HYDROGEN BOMB ON NATIONAL TELEVISION.

THE ENTERTAINMENT COMMENCES, AND THE AUDIENCE DELIGHTS TO SOME OF THEIR FAVORITE HOPE ROUTINES

A MOMENT OF SOBER REFLECTION ARISES WHEN BOB IS GIVEN A TROPHY FOR WINNING MORE AWARDS THAN ANY MAN IN HISTORY.



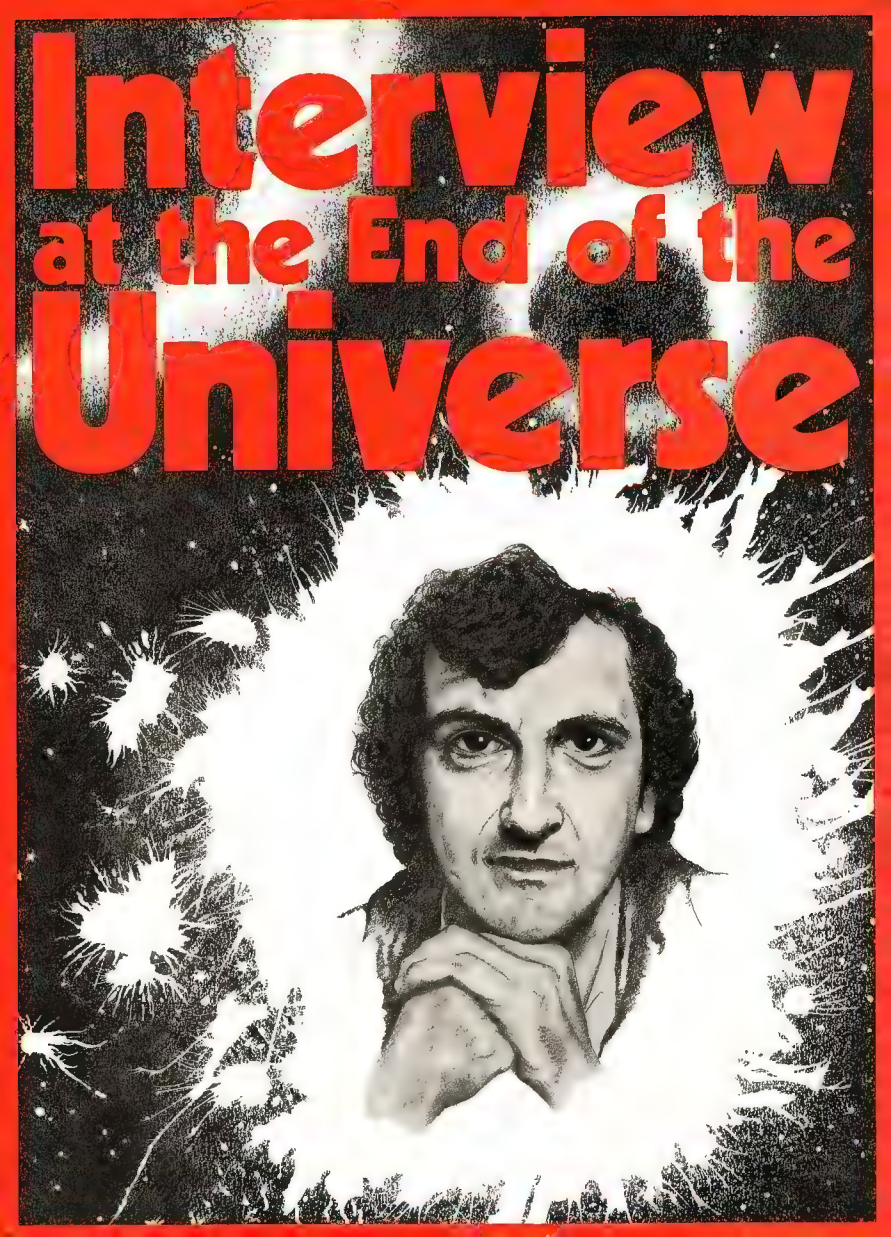
BOB'S NEXT GAG BORDERS ON LEWDNESS, BUT FEW ARE OFFENDED IN 2003

THE TIRELESS COMEDIAN DEFIES AGE, EXHAUSTION, AND SENILITY, AS WE FOLLOW HIM ON DECK THE *USS LIEUTENANT CALLEY* TO INSPECT A NEW CROP OF FIGHTER PLANES

AND SO WE COME TO THE END OF ANOTHER BOB HOPE COMEDY SPECIAL. BUT IN THE YEAR 2103, OUR DESCENDANTS CAN LOOK FORWARD TO *BOB HOPE'S BICENTENNIAL BIRTHDAY BASH* PRESENTED HOLOGRAPHICALLY THROUGH THE GALAXY

END

Interview at the End of the Universe



A TALK WITH DOUGLAS ADAMS

by John Shirley

In the most recent of the Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy *series, modestly titled* Life, the Universe and Everything, *Douglas Adams's profoundly incompetent protagonist Arthur Dent finds he's been flung 200 million years into Earth's primeval past, in a part of the world one day to be known as the Islington borough of London, England. Two hundred million years later, it's possible to find Douglas Adams in this very Islington. You go up a narrow alley off Islington Green—an alley which Adams rightly describes as looking like "some thug's sure to set about you there"—you find a door to an apartment where there should be only soiled wooden crates and cracked cobblestone. You are admitted, and find yourself in a modern, spacious, multi-leveled apartment, replete with bar, theatre poster prints, skylight, roof garden, and a six-foot-high yellow toothbrush. The toothbrush leans against a bare white wall, and it looks authentic. Adams is bearishly big—once held a job as a bodyguard—sort of pale and soft-looking but with a classic Brit's aristocratic nose, featuring arched nostrils, and a mind like a wildly careening gyroscope. When he talks, he interjects qualifiers parenthetically, and more qualifiers on top of those, and weaves a complex syntax, then brings it all together—and by God, it makes sense. His voice is soft, and despite his jumping mind he's courteous, and listens to tedious anecdotes told by Yours Truly without a visible flicker of impatience.*

Adams was born in Cambridge in 1952. He was educated at Brentwood School, Essex, and St. John's College, where he read English. After graduation he wrote for radio and television, as well as authoring, performing, and sometimes directing stage revues in London. He held various odd jobs between the show business gigs, working as a hospital porter, barn builder, chicken-shed cleaner, radio producer and—akin to chicken-shed cleaner—script editor for "Doctor Who." He is not married, has no children, and "does not wish to hear from anymore Surrey real estate agents."

His newest work, in collaboration with John Lloyd, is called The Meaning of Liff *(that's* Liff *with two Fs, not* Life*) and it's a farcical dictionary describing the origin and "actual" meanings of various silly place-names from around England and the U.S. He's also working on a new* Hitchhiker's Guide *book, so it looks as if the series may be open-ended—and why not? Wodehouse wrote scores of Bertie and Jeeves books, and the queen knighted him for it. Adams took my serious questions seriously, not trying to perform during the interview, and only occasionally glanced at his watch.*

—John Shirley

HM: According to my information, you were born in 1943 in Madagascar, the son of a West Indian prince and the wife of a British ambassador—an illegitimate child, you nevertheless rose to be one of Britain's foremost cricket batsmen. You received every honor due the best of that profession before retiring from the sport in 1967 as a result of religious convictions which forbade the use of a cricket bat outside the institution of marriage. Is that substantially correct?

DA: Nearly. There are a couple of *details* I'd like to correct. . . . You got the century right. Not everyone gets the century right. You were more accurate than many—well, a curious thing happened recently. I had a whole batch of letters from this woman who claimed to have written the first two books of *Hitchhiker* sitting in a bar somewhere in Zambia fifteen years ago! Her letters often seemed to be quite rational, and then suddenly they would sink into two or three lines of rampant paranoia—and then become rational again.

HM: This is your public. We all wrote the books at some point. I myself wrote the second book.

DA: Did you? I liked that one best. You did a good job.

HM: In your real life, before the *Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy* radio series began, you were a member of a sort of comedy club in Cambridge. Other members were John Cleese and Eric Idle.

DA: Yes. *Footlights* Club, which has produced in its day an awful lot of people who went into English comedy but also people who went into broadcasting and theatre generally. The names that spring to mind are Peter Cook, Jonathan Miller, John Cleese, Graham Chapman, Eric Idle—Oxford had their own group which produced Michael Palin, Terry Jones, Allen Bennet, Dudley Moore. I worked for a short time with Graham Chapman, one of the Pythons—but not actually on Python itself—on a number of things, most of which failed to see the light of day.

HM: Did you write anything in the way of fiction before *Hitchhiker's*?

DA: Not fiction, no. Sketches. Doing bits and pieces for the odd sketch show on radio. Having a pretty unspectacular career really. I suppose the eighteen months before *Hitchhiker* were the least spectacular. I was having real money problems, couldn't pay the rent, getting really down and very depressed. I actually went and stayed in my parents' home down in Dorest for awhile, while I worked out what I was going to do next, and ended up starting the *Hitchhiker* radio play while I was down there. [Note: the radio plays were written first, and the first two books were adapted from them. Then Adams wrote the third in the series from scratch.]

HM: Are you working on more fiction?

DA: I'm going to write one more *Hitchhiker* book. My title for the moment—I'm having arguments with my agent, he doesn't like it—is *So Long and Thanks for All the Fish.*

HM: Some of the series reminds me of S.J. Perelman's travel sketches, the acerbity that he would use in describing exotic places.

DA: (dubiously) Hmm . . . Well I love good comedy writing, because knowing how difficult it is to do, I very much respect those who do it particularly well. And people sometimes say to me, "Do you ever aspire to write a serious book?" And my practiced glib answer to that is, "No, my aspirations are much greater than that, I aspire to write like P.G. Wodehouse."

HM: Arthur Dent seems to me a lot like Bertie Wooster, the archetypal Wodehouse creation. He's used like Bertie Wooster, and his unshakeable but sympathetic denseness resembles Bertie. I assume Wodehouse is an influence.

DA: Yes, he's definitely an influence. But in fact, one of the guides I use when I'm trying to convey the character of Arthur is Simon Jones. Which is not to say that Simon Jones is like Arthur Dent. But he has made the character in his performance so clear to me, I tend to sort of put Simon in his dressing gown there in my head and write what comes from that.

HM: The section of *Restaurant at the End of the Universe* regarding the legions of useless people—hairdressers, management consultants, telephone sanitizers, and so forth—castaway on a hostile world and insisting on a Management Efficiency Committee to deal with the problem of building a fire, is reminiscent of Alice's arguments with the functionaries of Wonderland. Is it a deliberate reference to Lewis Carroll?

DA: No, it isn't actually. Lewis Carroll, curiously enough, I read when I was a little kid, and it frightened me to bits and I couldn't bear it since then. A number of people keep on saying that Lewis Carroll uses number forty-two quite a lot [Note: for the mystical significance of forty-two in the Hitchhiker series, read the Hitchhiker series] and find some significance in that. But if I'd used the number thirty-nine other people would have found references in other people's books for that number, and so on and so forth. As far as children's books are concerned, a much

Illustration by **Alan Lynch**

stronger influence would be *Winnie the Pooh*. Because Milne's writing is wonderful—it's easy to read and it's beautifully written, worth having a look at again.

HM: You're now being hyped in the States, as I'm sure you know. How do you feel about that?

DA: Well, what I'd like to be sure doesn't happen—and so far I've managed to resist it—is when the media presentation outstrips the public reaction. That is really what hype is—when there's a sort of credibility gap between what the publicists say and how the public's really responded. But luckily the original public response really came up out of nowhere, and therefore I feel the hype simply kept pace with that. What *would* be terrible would be if the thing had been launched in the first place in a sort of huge great glare of publicity. But it's grown in response to public demand. I'd be nervous if there'd been a lot of publicity on the first book and everyone had said, "Well it really wasn't worth it, was it?"

HM: How would you feel if some group of airheads started a religious cult based on your series? After all, it has a number of mystical/comical joke overtones.

DA: I once sat in a cafe in San Francisco and heard a new religion started at the next table just 'round some poetry this guy had written. On the one hand, yes, I think it would be absurd and ridiculous; on the other hand, I'm no longer surprised at the absurd and ridiculous things people do. I was sitting watching Channel 22 in Los Angeles, an evangelist's program, and it was absolutely frightening—a sort of cross between Dolly Parton and Eichmann. And it's supposed to be religion, but God is hardly ever mentioned—it's all Money and Success and Send Money To This Address and Help Us Pay For These Hairdos.

HM: There seems to be, in your series, a kind of tension between an overwhelming sense of a chaotic universe and a yearning for orderly explanations in life. I mean, you make fun of looking for meaning in life but at the same time you're looking for meaning in life.

DA: Well, yes. Just in order to get by from one day to another in life one has to make certain assumptions about the way the world works. About the way patterns recur. On the other hand there is an immense amount we don't know anything about at all. And the things we take for granted do occasionally break down, and life is terribly cruel and unfair in the most arbitrary way. And you suddenly realize we don't really understand anything about the way we operate or why we're here. In order to really understand anything, you'd need to know everything—which we can't possibly do.

HM: That's relevant to a bit in *Restaurant* where there's a man in a shack on a deserted planet who allegedly controls the universe—it's never resolved whether he truly does—and he's constantly questioning reality on the basis of the universal subjectivity of everyone's impressions.

DA: That's right, he refuses to accept anything at all as real except those things he whimsically decides to accept.

HM: Does this represent your own viewpoint?

DA: It doesn't represent my view in terms of what one lives by, but it represents something I'm aware of and think about.

HM: I have the impression the man in the shack feels everyone is always very isolated and anytime we can communicate anything that was like what we really meant, it's almost miraculous.

DA: Yes, that's true. We talk about one universe but the universe I live in is the universe as it is revealed to my own senses—which is absolutely subjective—and the universe you live in is abolutely subjective to you. I imagine you in my mind at the moment and you imagine me in yours. But in fact we're talking about two universes.

HM: If you keep on like that you'll give me an acid flashback . . . People and things get killed wildly in all three of the books. There's carnage, and at one point there's a reference to a planet which is used as a billiard ball in a cosmic game of pool, causing billions of inhabitants to die as it's sunk "in the pocket" of a black hole. You're fascinated by death, and you're either salaciously fascinated or you're protesting and very upset about it.

DA: I'm certainly not salacious about it, quite the reverse. No it's not a protest, you can't protest against death.

HM: Yeah, who do you make the protest *to*?

DA: Yes, "I demand not to die!" Wanton, casual, meaningless death—yes, I do it, like the death of the whale in the first book. I found that sort of moving, actually, the death of the whale, who's just arbitrarily called into existence and has about ninety seconds to work out who he is, what he's doing there, and what his life is all about, before it ends. I don't know why I keep on doing that, the violence. It's partly, I suppose, to engage sympathy for the people concerned. To engage other people's sympathy or to engage mine, I don't know. What I find upsetting is not the violence as you see it in a film like *Straw Dogs*—which I thought was a very good film—but the violence that you get in the average American cop show where bystanders or people you'd see in the story for a half-minute get shot and no more mention is made of them. I think the death of that whale came to me while I was watching an episode of an American TV show called *Cannon* a few years ago. Some guy who was probably one of the henchmen of the baddies got shot and his only function in the story was *to get shot*! I began to think, "Well, who is he, where did he come from?" He must have grown up and had a mother and father who sent him off to school and were very proud of him, and suddenly he gets shot on the street and no one's even noticed. That sort of mindless, meaningless violence which nobody even notices is what really upsets me.

HM: So in the books you're reacting against the meaninglessness of random violence—

DA: Yes, but I don't want to make that sound like a *statement*. I do get very upset by violence or suffering that people I know go through. I get almost unnaturally upset about it.

HM: There was the episode in one of your books where somebody threw a pebble into the brush which started a chain of events that led to the death of the girlfriend of the guy who innocently threw the pebble.

DA: That goes back to the idea of chaos and order, because everything that happened there happened in a perfectly orderly way, following its own little logical progression, but it introduced a completely random event of unpleasant proportions back into the story. It's one of those things one frequently gets confronted by in life, which is the bad experience, the terrible experience, from which it is impossible to learn anything at all. Given the destruction caused by the randomness in the universe, why do we also have to deal with the phone company? It seems unfair we should do it to ourselves, inflicting suffering via the phone company, when we've already got the natural world doing it to us.

HM: What about the charge that most of the effect in British humor derives from the too-easy device of inserting absurd anomalies—the exotic in the banal background like a Martian stepping out of a refrigerator, which you'd see on Monty Python, or the banal in the exotic, like Italian Bistros in Space as in your most recent book. Isn't that too prevalent in English humor?

DA: No, I think it's too prevalent in life. I think we English notice more that goes on. An example of the banal set in the exotic: Go to Sheridan, Wyoming. We just drove from Los Angeles to New York and the countryside in America is fantastically beautiful—the most beautiful part we happened to see was Wyoming. Then to arrive at Sheridan and find

I was watching an evangelist's program, and it was absolutely frightening—a sort of cross between Dolly Parton and Eichmann.

such an extraordinarily *grotty* place—it was inconceivable that people could build a town like that in that setting. Don't they ever look out of their windows? I find that the major difference between the English and the Americans is the Americans lack a sense of irony. Especially after living six months in Los Angeles. It's not the same in New York, of course. Well we went to a restaurant that night in Sheridan, and it was very, very difficult to find anywhere one would actually want to go into. We eventually found this place which didn't have any windows, and it had a really dreadful old stained red carpet, which smelled of old carbolic, and horrible plastic chandeliers dripping all over the place, and some guy playing the electric organ very very slowly and women wearing high heels and ankle socks. We said to one waiter we spoke to—"That scenery out there! The land in which you live is incredible!" And he said, "Oh yeah it's quite nice up there—but have you been to *Las Vegas*?!" Great.

HM: Americans are obsessed with the artifacts of exploitation and to them that's beauty. Places like Sheridan are the very soul of the country. Were you in L.A. working on the *Hitchhiker* film?

DA: I was working on a screenplay while I was in Los Angeles. It's very difficult to say anything too clearly at this moment, simply because until you're actually in production you can't know what's happening. Or even when you're in production—only when you've finally got the film can you know what it is you're talking about. At this stage I haven't got a version I'm happy with. What we've got at the moment is me trying to meet them and them trying to meet me and they're not being quite happy and then me not being quite happy with it—

HM: American producers?

DA: Yeah.

HM: A venomous breed. Mark my words, five years from now you'll be writing bitter satire about Hollywood producers.

DA: I have started work on the *Hitchhiker* computer adventure game.

HM: What about an animated version of *Hitchhiker*?

DA: I've never been keen on that idea, because my impulse has always been with these fantastical situations to *try*—I don't say I'm always successful—but to try and make them as real and solid and concrete as possible. And I think you're really stacking the odds against yourself if you go into animation. Because it tends to emphasize the fantastical nature of the events. I want the events to be fantastical but to *appear* to be as real as possible.

HM: What about the hieroglyphic versions? Cuneiform? Stained-glass? Comic books?

DA: Comic books? What would I do with comic books? Either I'm going to devote my time to writing stories for comic books, which I don't want to do, or go hand it over to somebody else. I don't want to do that.

HM: So you like to maintain control over *Hitchhiker* projects?

DA: Oh yeah. But on the screenplay I have what is known as "consultation rights," which is not the same as artistic control. Frankly you have to be Warren Beatty or someone to get artistic control.

HM: Do you read science fiction?

DA: Not very much. I've got piles of science-fiction books next door largely because [sighing] people keep on giving them to me. The best ones I've enjoyed tremendously, like *A Canticle For Liebowitz*. And one of the people I came across is Robert Sheckley, who is tremendous. When I read a collection of Robert Sheckley stories for the first time I really felt my nose well-and-true put out of joint because I thought, "This is precisely what I wanted to try to do and he's done it a great deal better."

HM: How do you feel about drugs?

DA: I'm a clean-living boy. I used to *occasionally* smoke a little dope. Half a dozen times a year. I meet people who say, "Hey, what are you on when you write that stuff?" You can't write well unless you're under control. Particularly writing fantasy.

HM: The scourge of the universe in *Life, the Universe and Everything* were the people of Krikkit, who were so incredibly xenophobic and ultraprovincial they wanted to obliterate the whole universe so they could have their isolated idyll undisturbed—

DA: The idea behind that was to create a race of villains whose behavior was utterly villainous by the standards of anybody else, but according to their own precepts they are behaving well, behaving decently, behaving morally.

HM: So villains are never completely villainous if you see things from their viewpoint. Is that the message here?

DA: Oh, I don't think there's a message—

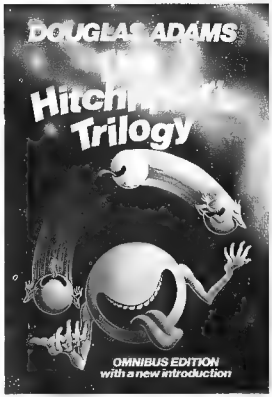
HM: I insist on finding a message in it!

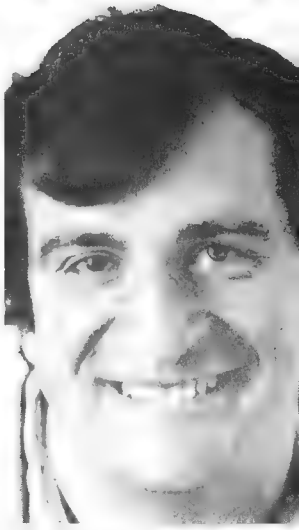
DA: Very well. That's a message, then.

HM: Anyway, your books are therapeutic. When you make great humor out of the senseless patterns of random violence in life, you make life more acceptable and tolerable, because you make it possible to laugh it off.

DA: Yes, I recognize that as being at work in my books.

HM: Thanks for that therapy. And the ordeal is now over. Thanks, Mr. Adams.



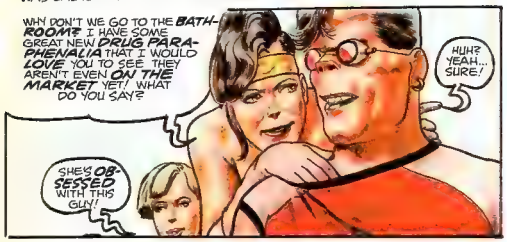


Douglas Adams. If your books sold like his, you'd be smiling, too.

I meet people who say, "Hey, what are you on when you write that stuff?" You can't write well unless you're under control. Particularly writing fantasy.

RANXEROX IN NEW YORK

LAST WE READ, RANX HAD SNEAKED INTO A PARTY BEING HELD BY THE "GREAT ENOGABAL." HE WAS HAVING A GOOD OL' TIME WHILE LUBNA WAS BABYSITTING THE NEIGHBOR'S KIDS.


WHY DON'T WE GO TO THE **BATHROOM?** I HAVE SOME GREAT NEW **DRUG PARAPHENALIA** THAT I WOULD **LOVE** YOU TO SEE. THEY AREN'T EVEN **ON THE MARKET** YET! WHAT DO YOU SAY?
HUH? YEAH... SURE!
SHE'S **OBSESSED** WITH THIS GUY!

AND WHY DO WE THINK SUSIE IS OBSESSED WITH THE MECHANICAL MARVELS?
I LIKE THESE PLEASURE PALACES. THERE ARE **NEVER** ANY PROBLEMS AND EVERYTHING ALWAYS HAPPENS IN PUBLIC!

YEAH, AND YOU KNOW **ME**, I'M A BIT **IMPETUOUS**. I **LOVE** THE IDEA OF BITING INTO THE FORBIDDEN FRUIT.
AND THAT'S WHY I LIKE **YOU!** GIVE ME A **KISS!**
YOU'RE PRETTY CRAZY, BUT I LIKE YOU ANYWAY! HAVE ANY **GLUE?**
YOU DUMB SHITHEAD!

NO ONE WANTS TO **WORK** ANYMORE! PEOPLE WOULD RATHER **STEAL** OR SELL THEIR OWN ASSES RATHER THAN BE A **SCAVENGER** OR A **DOCKER!** THAT'S WHY NEW YORK IS SUCH A **PIGSTY!** DO YOU CALL THAT **PROGRESS?**
BUT ENOGABAL SAYS--
ENOGABAL **SAYS** THIS... ENOGABAL **DOES** THAT... ENOGABAL IS AN **ASSHOLE!** BELIEVE ME!
THEY CAN SAY WHAT THEY'D LIKE, BUT TO **ME** IT'S ONLY THE RECYCLING OF NASTY OLD **POP ART!**
DON'T SAY ANYTHING, **STUPID!** YOU MIGHT BE OVERHEARD!

BUT WHO IS THIS ENOGABAL?
YOU DON'T KNOW HIM? THEN WHO LET YOU IN?
SQUIRT!
HHARRR
HEY... LOOK! A TOY MONKEY!
CROK!
WATCH IT!
OOH! YOU HURT MY LITTLE PUCCI! COME HERE, DARLING!
SQUIRT!
HERE'S LITTLE PUCCI, BUT I THINK I MIGHT HAVE HURT HIS TAIL!
MY PUCCI! OH, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? THERE, THERE.
MAY I HAVE YOUR ATTENTION, PLEASE? THIS IS ENOGABAL! ...AND IN PERSON, NO LESS. YOU SHOULD ALL FEEL HONORED. I NEVER LET MYSELF BE SEEN!
DAMN! IT'S ENOGABAL-THE GREAT!
WILL THE MAN OVER THERE WITH THE GLASSES... THE ONE WHO STEPPED ON MISS... ERRR, EXCUSE ME... MS. TAYLOR'S BABOON...
COME CLOSER. I HAVE A PROPOSITION TO MAKE TO YOU. COME TO THE POOL. I'LL WAIT FOR YOU THERE!

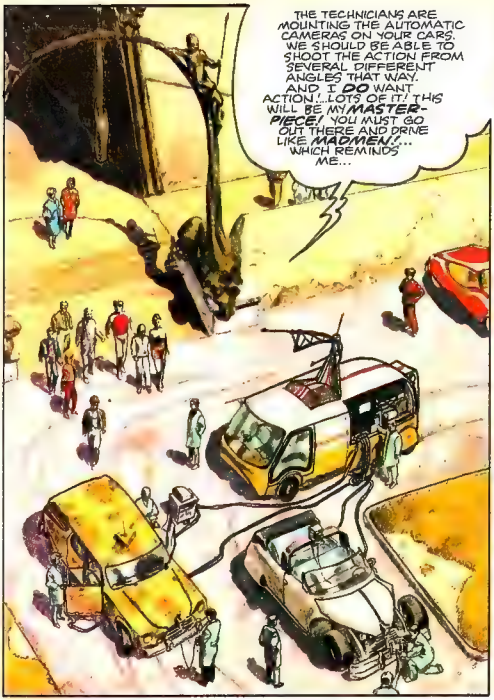
SO YOU'RE ENOGABAL.
YOUR STYLE INTERESTS ME, LARGE FELLOW. AND YES, IT IS REALLY I... THE GREAT ENOGABAL!

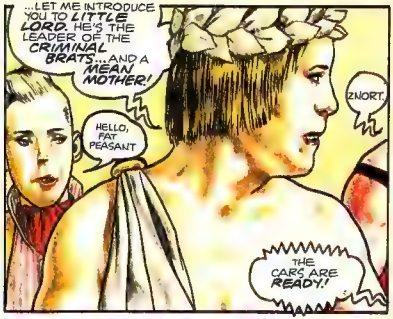
THOSE MEN OVER THERE ARE THE CRIMINAL BRATS, THE HYPNOTIC ROCK GROUP I JUST STARTED. I MUST MAKE A LASER VIDEO FOR THEIR PROMOTION. SOMETHING REALLY SHOCKING! GET WHAT I MEAN? THEY'RE MY PROTEGES.
WELL, WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH ME?

I'M GOING TO PUT THAT AGGRESSION OF YOURS TO GOOD USE. TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS... IN ADVANCE... IF YOU AGREE TO COLLABORATE!

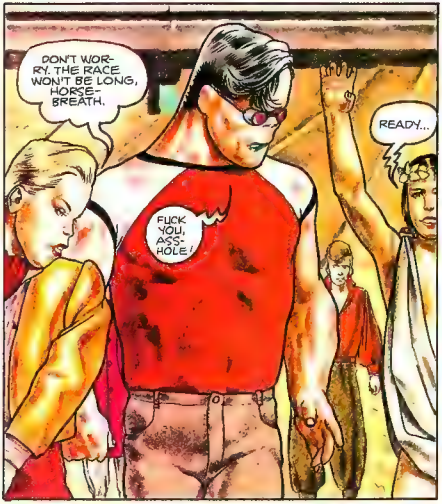
TWENTY GRAND? SURE!
I KNEW IT!

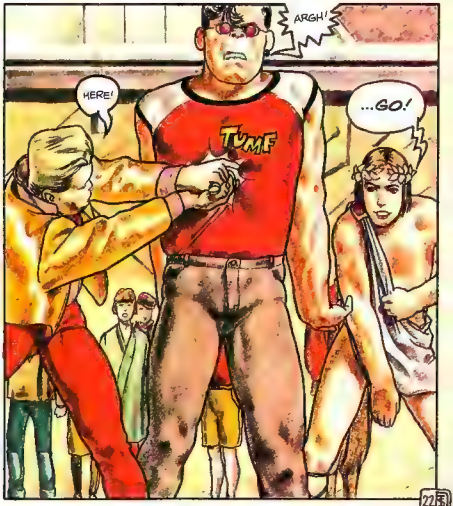
IT'LL BE A MODERN VERSION OF THE CHARIOT RACE FROM BEN HUR. WE'LL USE YOUR TAXI AND THE BRATS' CARS. FOLLOW ME. I'VE ALREADY GIVEN THE TECHNICIANS THEIR ORDERS.
WE'LL USE AUTOMATIC CAMERAS. I'LL FOLLOW THE VIDEO MIXING FROM THE CONTROL VAN. GO AROUND THE TRACK THREE TIMES AND TRY TO HIT EACH OTHER. IS THAT CLEAR?

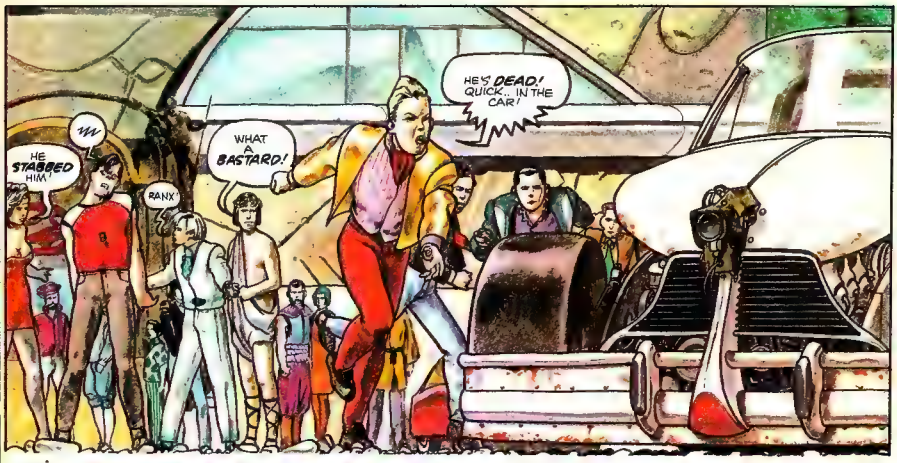

THE TECHNICIANS ARE MOUNTING THE AUTOMATIC CAMERAS ON YOUR CARS. WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO SHOOT THE ACTION FROM SEVERAL DIFFERENT ANGLES THAT WAY.
AND I DO WANT ACTION! LOTS OF IT! THIS WILL BE MY MASTER-PIECE! YOU MUST GO OUT THERE AND DRIVE LIKE MADMEN!... WHICH REMINDS ME...

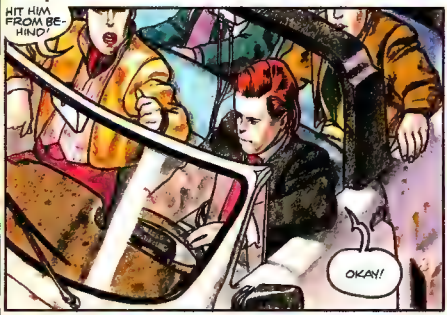

...LET ME INTRODUCE YOU TO LITTLE LORD. HE'S THE LEADER OF THE CRIMINAL BRATS... AND A MEAN MOTHER!
HELLO, FAT PEASANT
SNORT
THE CARS ARE READY!

OKAY... NOW YOU KNOW EACH OTHER. JUST REMEMBER ONE THING... I DON'T WANT TO KNOW WHO THE WINNER IS. MASSACRE YOURSELVES, AND THAT SHOULD BE ENOUGH. NOW... LET'S DO IT!

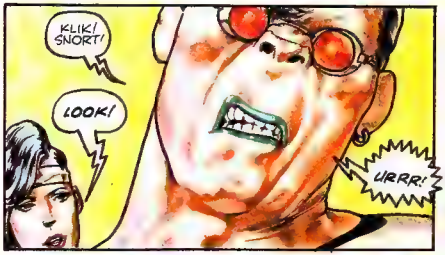

DON'T WORRY, THE RACE WON'T BE LONG, HORSE-BREATH.
READY...
FUCK YOU, ASS-HOLE!

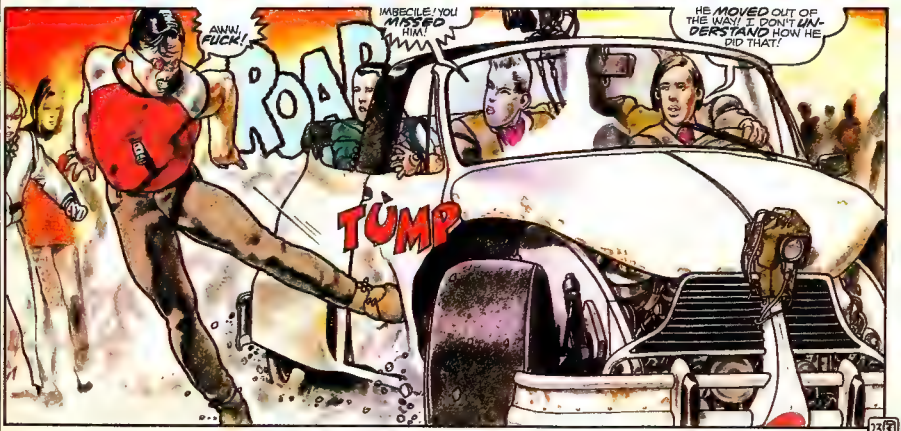

ARGH!
HERE!
...GO!
TUMF

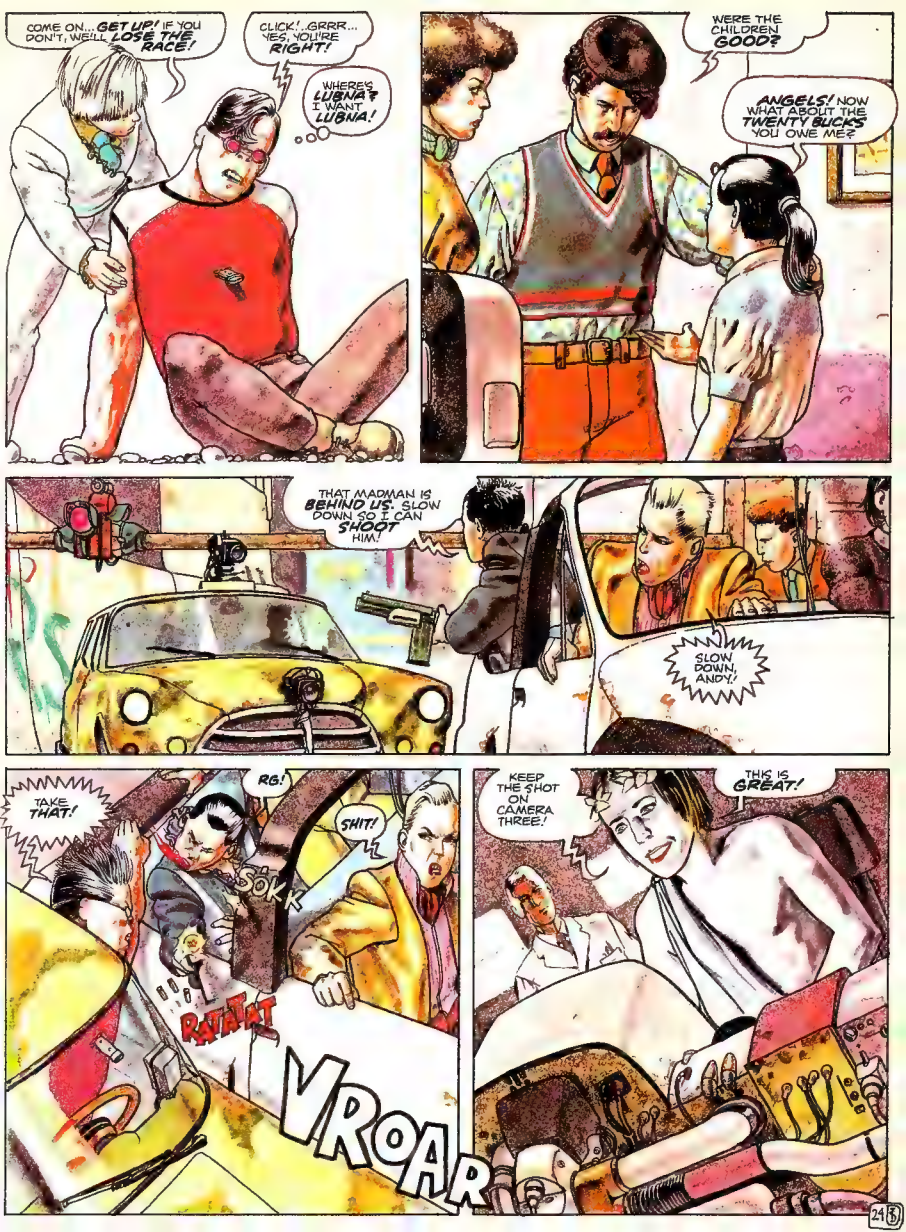


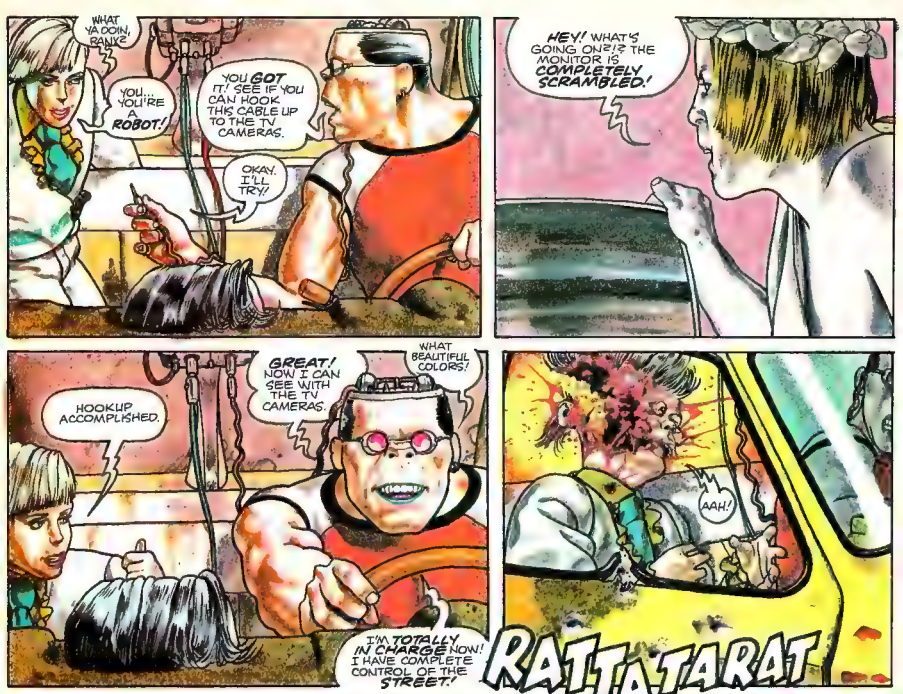


LITTLE LORD HAD HIT A MEMORY CIRCUIT. I WAS A BIT LOST, BUT MY AUTOMATIC ENERGY CIRCUITS WERE TRIGGERED BY THE BLOW!






COME ON... GET UP! IF YOU DON'T, WE'LL LOSE THE RACE!
CLICK!..GRRR... YES, YOU'RE RIGHT!
WHERE'S LUBNA? I WANT LUBNA!
WERE THE CHILDREN GOOD?
ANGELS! NOW WHAT ABOUT THE TWENTY BUCKS YOU OWE ME?
THAT MADMAN IS BEHIND US. SLOW DOWN SO I CAN SHOOT HIM!
SLOW DOWN, ANDY!
TAKE THAT!
RG!
SHIT!
SÖK
RATATAT
VROAR
KEEP THE SHOT ON CAMERA THREE!
THIS IS GREAT!

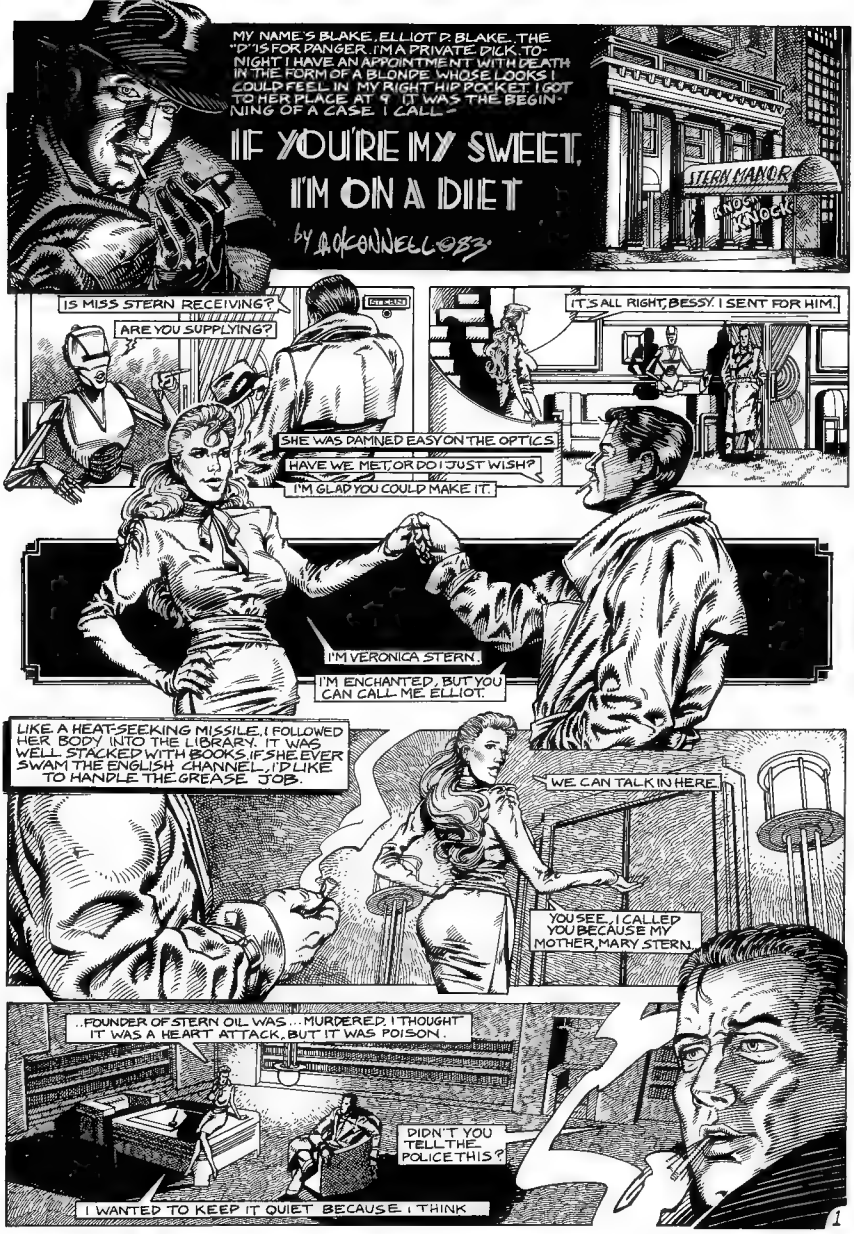

WHAT YA DOIN', BABE?
YOU... YOU'RE A ROBOT!
YOU GOT IT! SEE IF YOU CAN HOOK THIS CABLE UP TO THE TV CAMERAS.
OKAY. I'LL TRY!
HEY! WHAT'S GOING ON!? THE MONITOR IS COMPLETELY SCRAMBLED!
HOOKUP ACCOMPLISHED.
GREAT! NOW I CAN SEE WITH THE TV CAMERAS.
WHAT BEAUTIFUL COLORS!
I'M TOTALLY IN CHARGE NOW! I HAVE COMPLETE CONTROL OF THE STREET!
AAH!
RATTATARAT
FUK! FUK! FUK!
I LOVE
HA!
SKREEK
RATTATAT
GOD, NO! HE'S PUT ON THE BRAKES!
MOVE IT!

I WAS DRIVING, SLUMPED DOWN SO I WOULDN'T END UP LIKE THE POOR SLOB NEXT TO ME. IF I HAD KNOWN THIS WAS GOING TO BE A SNUFF VIDEO, I WOULDN'T HAVE TAKEN THE MONEY! SHIT? NEW YORK IS MEANER THAN THEY SAY! ANYWAY, THE TV CAMERAS WERE ON ME WHEN I GOT MY BRAINSTORM! MY RELAYS WENT BACK TO WORK!
SHIT! YOU MISSED HIM AGAIN! BUT WAIT... I DON'T SEE ANYONE AT THE WHEEL!
EAST
EAST
SKRRRR
CHIEF, I DON'T SEE HIM ANYMORE! HE MUST HAVE TAKEN A DETOUR!
WHAT? DETOUR? HE TOOK A WRONG ROAD!
NOW!
KRASH
I HAD FORSEEN EVERYTHING PERFECTLY. THE TRAJECTORY OF THE JUMP HAD BEEN CAREFULLY TIMED.

THE SHOCK OF THE CRASH HAD REMINDED ME THAT TIMOTHY WAS STILL ***CLOSED UP*** IN THE TRUNK OF THE CAB. POOR TIMOTHY!

TIMOTHY!
AAAII!!
WHAT A SMASH ENDING! NO PUN INTENDED! I'LL SELL A MILLION COPIES OF THIS VIDEO! THE BRATS ARE DEAD AND CONTRACTS DON'T EXIST FOR ROBOTS! WOW!

DAMN, RANX! THIS WHOLE THING WAS CRAZY! WHO RAN INTO US?
BROOKE SHIELDS.
WOW! AHH.
TIMOTHY!
TIMOTHY DIED HAPPY. HALF AN HOUR LATER I WAS BACK AT LUENA'S... WITH A PRESENT FOR HER.
RANX... WHEN I THINK I WELCOMED YOU WITH A SLAP, THIS IS THE NEATEST PRESENT YOU COULD 'VE GIVEN ME... BESIDES A MILLION BUCKS, THAT IS.
YEAH.
WELL, BACK TO ROME. NEW YORK IS A NICE PLACE TO VISIT...
...YEAH, BUT I WOULDN'T WANT TO LIVE THERE.
THE END... BUT THEY'LL BE BACK!


MY NAME'S BLAKE. ELLIOT P. BLAKE. THE "P" IS FOR DANGER. I'M A PRIVATE DICK. TONIGHT I HAVE AN APPOINTMENT WITH DEATH IN THE FORM OF A BLONDE WHOSE LOOKS I COULD FEEL IN MY RIGHT HIP POCKET. I GOT TO HER PLACE AT 9. IT WAS THE BEGINNING OF A CASE. I CALL-
IF YOU'RE MY SWEET, I'M ON A DIET
by A.O'CONNELL '83
STERN MANOR
KNOCK
KNOCK
IS MISS STERN RECEIVING?
ARE YOU SUPPLYING?
IT'S ALL RIGHT, BESSY. I SENT FOR HIM.
SHE WAS DAMNED EASY ON THE OPTICS.
HAVE WE MET, OR DO I JUST WISH?
I'M GLAD YOU COULD MAKE IT.
I'M VERONICA STERN.
I'M ENCHANTED, BUT YOU CAN CALL ME ELLIOT.
LIKE A HEAT-SEEKING MISSILE, I FOLLOWED HER BODY INTO THE LIBRARY. IT WAS WELL STACKED WITH BOOKS. IF SHE EVER SWAM THE ENGLISH CHANNEL, I'D LIKE TO HANDLE THE GREASE JOB.
WE CAN TALK IN HERE.
YOU SEE, I CALLED YOU BECAUSE MY MOTHER, MARY STERN,
..FOUNDER OF STERN OIL, WAS...MURDERED. I THOUGHT IT WAS A HEART ATTACK, BUT IT WAS POISON.
DIDN'T YOU TELL THE POLICE THIS?
I WANTED TO KEEP IT QUIET BECAUSE I THINK

...I THINK MY BROTHER VIC WAS RESPONSIBLE. IF THAT'S TRUE, MY FATHER AND I MIGHT BE NEXT. VIC WOULD INHERIT THE STERN FORTUNE. I'M SO SCARED I EVEN BOUGHT A .22 TO PROTECT MYSELF.
I LISTENED WITH ALL MY EARS.
I WAS WALKING DOWN THE HALL AND HIS DOOR WAS AJAR.
I THINK I SAW HIM INJECTING THE VALENTINE'S DAY CANDY HE GAVE HER. IT WAS THE LAST THING SHE ATE. I'D LIKE YOU TO FIND OUT WHAT YOU CAN.
IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN HER HYPNOTIC PERFUME AND HER BIG ROUND GREEN EYES, OR HER BIG GREEN BILLS. I WAS ALSO 3 WEEKS BEHIND IN MY RENT, SO I ACCEPTED THE JOB, EVEN THOUGH THE MONKEY WRENCH IN MY GUT TOLD ME SOMETHING WAS WRONG.
WHY DON'T YOU JUST BE BEAUTIFUL AND STOP WORRYING ABOUT MURDER. SHOW ME HIS ROOM.
I FOUND THE SYRINGE.
I LOOKED AT HIS CHECKING ACCOUNT. HIS ALLOWANCE WAS RUNNING LOW.

HER FATHER HAD BEEN HITTING THE BOTTLE SINCE HIS WIFE'S DEATH AND WAS HANGING OUT IN NIGHTCLUBS MOST EVERY NIGHT. I KEPT AN EYE ON HIM THAT NIGHT HE LEFT AT ABOUT 9:30 THE SON FOLLOWED A FEW MINUTES LATER WE ENDED UP AT THE SANDBURG CLUB
SANDBURG
THE SANDBURG PRESENTS IT'S ALL GIRL REVUE! 31 SCOOPS DOUBLE DIPPED DELIGHT
ONE, PLEASE.
BANG
EXIT
SOMEONE HAD MADE A .22 CALIBRE DEPOSIT IN HIS HEAD. IT CLOSED HIS ACCOUNT
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
DO I HAVE TO DRAW YOU A DIAGRAM!?
I NOTICED A NAGGINGLY FAMILIAR SCENT OF PERFUME AS I LEFT TO FIND VIC
BEFORE I HAD TAKEN TEN STEPS
PSSSST!
3

IN THE ALLEY
THE GRIP ON MY SHOULDER WAS STRONGER THAN LIMBURGER CHEESE. I SENSED DANGER. IT WAS THE DETECTIVE IN ME.
IS THIS A PRIVATE PARTY, OR IS ANYONE INVITED?
WE ASK THE QUESTIONS, PEEPERS. UNLESS YOU WANT YOUR BLUE EYES BLACK!
YOU SHOULD TEACH A COURSE IN ETIQUETTE
I GOT A MESSAGE FOR YOU - THIS IS ONE BUMP WHERE YOU DON'T MEDDLE.
LUCKILY I KEEP IN SHAPE BY DOING 12 oz. CURLS EVERY DAY.
FOK
I STRUCK FIRST.
CRAK
WAP!
SOK
RAP
SMAK
THEY STRUCK LAST
SQUK CLOP
SQUK CLOP
I WAS DOWN FASTER THAN A 50¢ PAIR OF SOCKS. I DIDN'T EVEN FEEL THE HARD CONCRETE WHEN I DENTED IT WITH MY PROFILE. I WAS TOO UNCONSCIOUS. I CAME TO JUST AS THE LAST GUY RAN OFF. MY BODY WAS AS MESSED UP AS A MORNING ASHTRAY IN A CHEAP MOTEL. I THINK THOSE BOYS SHOULD CUT DOWN ON THE COFFEE.

WHAT'LL IT BE, BUB?
D'S BAR
I LIMPED INTO THE NEAREST BAR LIKE A POISIONED COCKROACH ON LINOLEUM.
HAIR OF THE DOG THAT BIT ME, AND LEAVE THE BOTTLE.
TELEPHONE
CLOP CLOP
SCREAM
CLOP
THEN I HEARD THE SHOES
A BOTTLE OF WHISKEY
TELEPHONE
HEY! WHY ARE YA BOTHERIN' ME?
I TRIED TALKING TO MYSELF, BUT I DIDN'T GET ANY ANSWERS.
CRASH
WHO PUT YOU UP TO GIVING ME THE ONCE OVER? WHO?!
BOP
I COULD SEE THE THOUGHTS SCATTER AROUND IN WHAT HE THOUGHT WAS HIS BRAIN
WAS IT STERN?!!
YES. IT WAS STERN VERONICA STERN.
I WASN'T READY FOR THE ANSWER. COLD CHILLS PLAYED AN ACCORDION SOLO UP AND DOWN MY SPINE.
5

THE CLUES WERE PILING UP AS FAST AS THE BODIES. I WAS WEIGHING THE QUESTIONS LIKE A BUTCHER WOULD WEIGH MEAT. SHE WAS THE ONE THAT FOUND THE SYRINGE. TONIGHT, THE GIRL RUNNING PAST IN THE THEATRE—HER? THE .22 GUN—HERS? THE PERFUME—HER'S! IF I HAD HIM SENT UP, SHE'D GET ALL THE DOUGH. I HAD BEEN PLAYED FOR A SUCKER.

EXIT

I'VE GOT SOME BAD NEWS FOR YOU.

OH, NO— LET'S TALK OVER A COUPLE OF ICE CUBES.

LIKE YOU NEED ICE.

WHAT'S WRONG?

YOU MADE YOUR MOM UNDERTAKER BAIT AND PUT A SLUG IN YOUR OLD MAN'S STEEPLE AND I'M THE SAP THAT'S SUPPOSED TO COVER UP FOR YOU.

YOU'RE JOKING?

IF I WAS JOKING, YOU'D BE LAUGHING.

I NEED YOUR HELP.

LIKE I NEED FOUR THUMBS.

MAY I POINT OUT...

.. YOU ALL READY DO

WHERES YOUR BUSINESS ATTITUDE?

I LEFT IT IN MY OTHER SUIT.

THERE'S A WORD FOR YOU!

THERE'RE SEVERAL FOR YOU!

WHY DON'T YOU GO SOMEWHERE AND CATCH YOURSELF, YOU FOUL BALL?

I DIDN'T COME HERE TO BEAT MY GUMS, I'M TAKING YOU IN—NOW!

THE DOLL WAS AS EVIL AS SHE WAS BEAUTIFUL. SHE POINTED AT ME. WITH TWO 44'S AND A GUN.

BEHIND YOU, IT'S VIC!

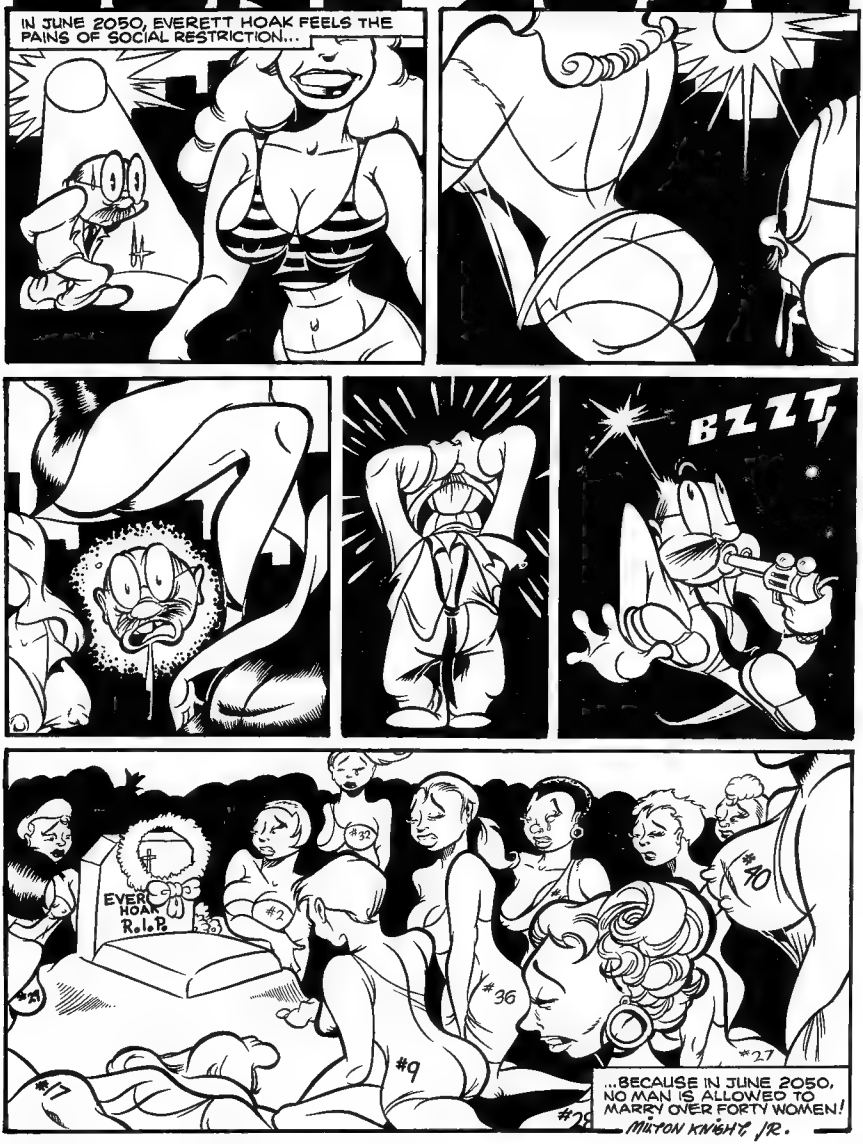
WHAT AM I?, A BONE HEAD?

BAM

FROM BEHIND A RED HOT HORNET CREASED IT'S STINGER ACROSS MY DOME.

I WAS A BONEHEAD.
HELLO, SISTER DEAR. YOU CAN PUT THE GUN DOWN, NOW.
I'VE DECIDED THAT MY CLUMSY LAST DITCH EFFORT TO FRAME YOU WASN'T GOING TO WORK EVEN THOUGH SHERLOCK SEEMS TO HAVE FALLEN FOR IT. SO EVEN THOUGH I WANTED TO AVOID DOING IT PERSONALLY, I'LL HAVE TO KILL YOU BOTH.
YOU DON'T HAVE THE NERVE!
OH, YEAH? READ TOMORROWS PAPER!
I DECIDED I WAS GOING TO HAVE TO RUIN HIS VEST.
BLAM
Coca-Cola
MIND IF I GUESS YOUR WEIGHT?
YOU REMIND ME OF SOMEONE. I'M VERY FOND OF.
OH, YEAH? WHO?
ME.
OH, YOU—DO YOU FALL IN LOVE WITH ALL YOUR CLIENTS?
ONLY THE ONES WITH SKIRTS.
HAPPY VALENTINE'S DAY, DEAR.
THE END

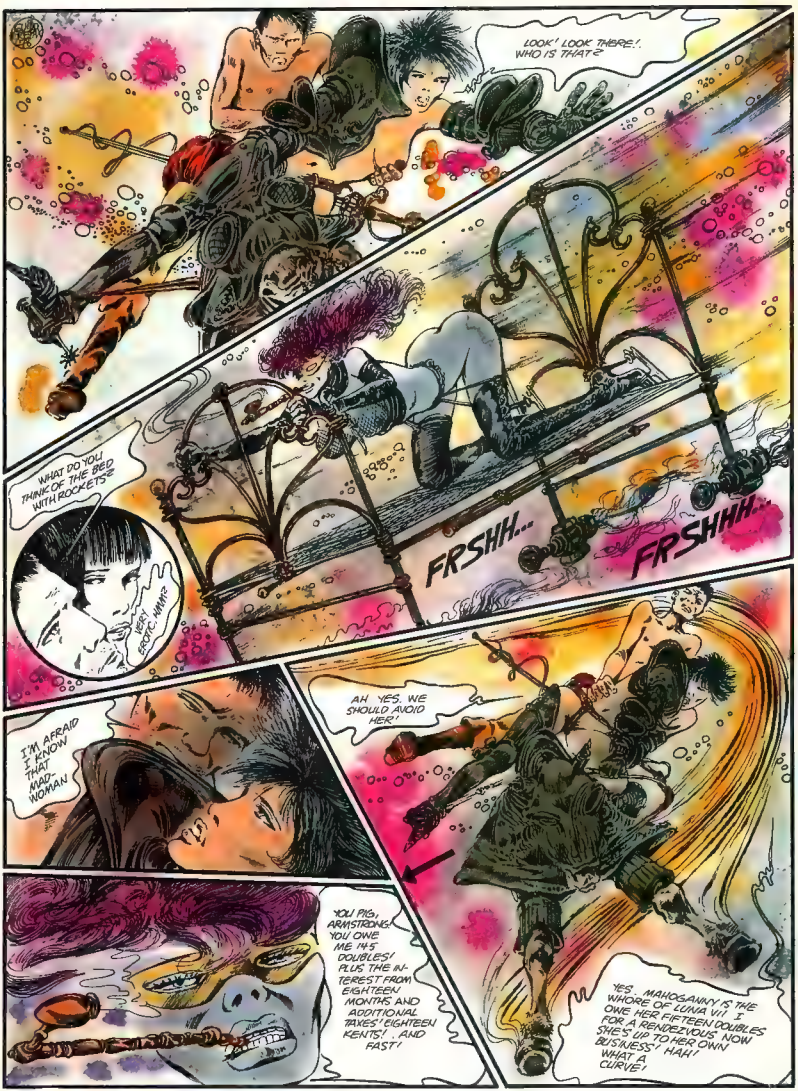
JUNE 2050

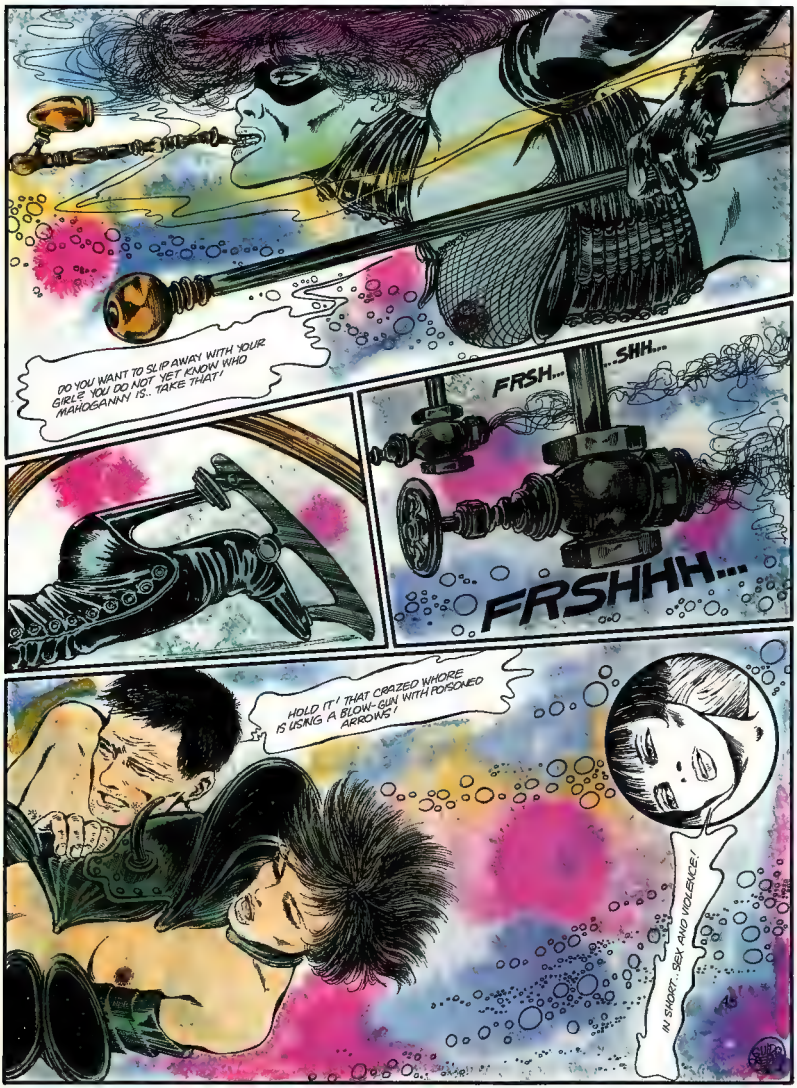

IN JUNE 2050, EVERETT HOAK FEELS THE PAINS OF SOCIAL RESTRICTION...
BZZT
EVERETT HOAK R.I.P.
#32
#12
#36
#40
#9
#27
#17
#28
...BECAUSE IN JUNE 2050, NO MAN IS ALLOWED TO MARRY OVER FORTY WOMEN!
MILTON KNIGHT JR.

VALENTINA THE PIRATE

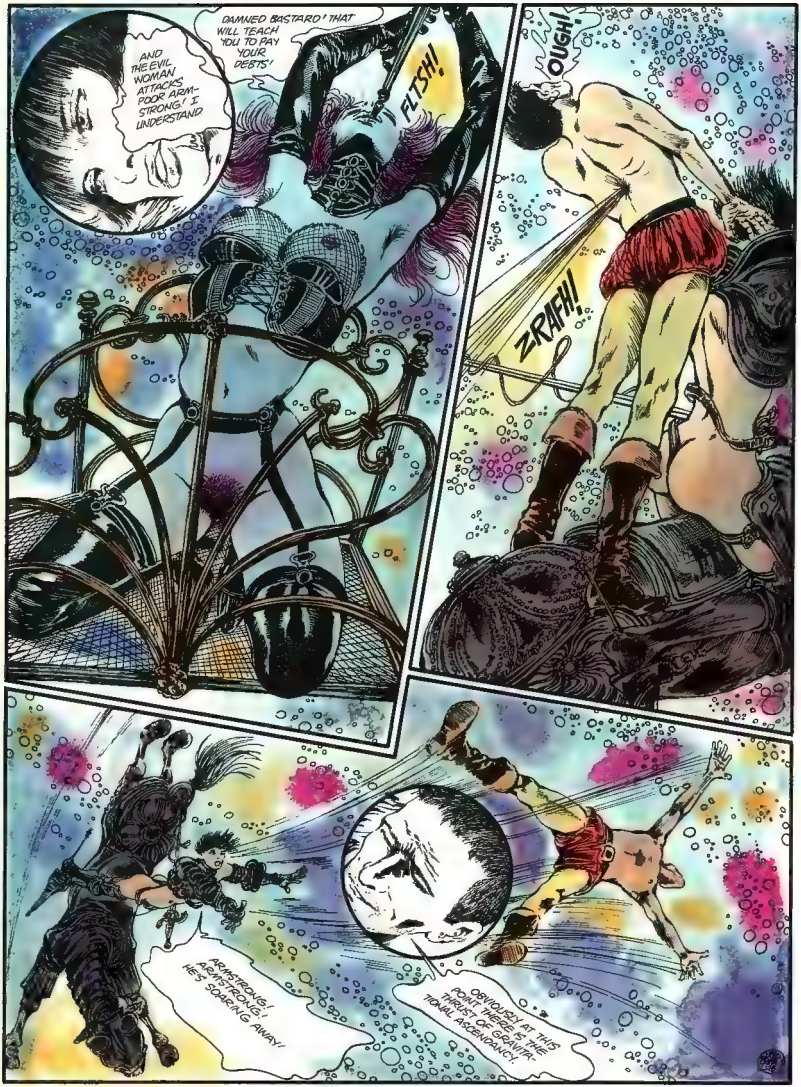
THERE. MY ADVENTUROUS DREAM HAS ENDED. WELL, I MEAN BROKE OFF. HAVE YOU EVER NOTICED HOW DREAMS DON'T REALLY END?
YOU CAN INVENT THE TRANSI-TIONS!
YES. BE-CAUSE THESE ARE NOT DREAMS, EXACTLY. BUT IN-VENTIONS OF RE-CALL. I DON'T KNOW HOW ELSE TO PUT IT.
SO, THEN... YOU ARE ALWAYS THE GRAND PROTAGON-IST... PARTIALLY CLOTHED.
WELL, I'VE LIVED THIRTY-SIX YEARS. THESE FLIGHTS OF FAN-TASY ARE ALL I HAVE LEFT.
HMM. THAT'S AN IDEA!
TODAY WE HAVE BROUGHT A LES-SON ON IMAGINA-TION TO A POINT...

YOU'RE QUITE STRICT WITH YOURSELF! YOURS IS ONLY FLIRTATIOUSNESS. BUT WE'LL SEE. THAT'S THE WAY THINGS ARE, MORE OR LESS, RIGHT?


LOOK! LOOK THERE!. WHO IS THAT?
FRSHH...
FRSHHH...
WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE BED WITH ROCKETS?
VERY EROTIC. MMM?
I'M AFRAID I KNOW THAT MAD WOMAN
AH YES. WE SHOULD AVOID HER!
YES. MAHOGANNY IS THE WHORE OF LUNA VII. I PAID HER FIFTEEN DOUBLES FOR A RENDEZVOUS. NOW SHE'S UP TO HER OWN BUSINESS. HAH! WHAT A CURVE!
YOU PIG, ARMSTRONG. YOU OWE ME 145 DOUBLES! PLUS THE INTEREST FROM EIGHTEEN MONTHS AND ADDITIONAL TAXES! EIGHTEEN KENTS!. AND FAST!


DO YOU WANT TO SLIP AWAY WITH YOUR GIRL? YOU DO NOT YET KNOW WHO MAHOGANNY IS.. TAKE THAT!
FRSH...
...SHH...
FRSHHH...
HOLD IT! THAT CRAZED WHORE IS USING A BLOW-GUN WITH POISONED ARROWS!
IN SHORT... SEX AND VIOLENCE!

OKAY. BUT I'D LIKE TO ANIMATE THE SCENE A LITTLE! AND THEN THE VIOLENCE IS TOTALLY IMAGINARY.
FLISH!
ZRAFF!
SHIFT...
UHGH! SHE DOESN'T JOKE AROUND. THAT ONE! AND NATURALLY, SINCE I BE-GAME A PIRATE, I DON'T HAVE A CENT.
TRY TO BLOCK HER WITH THE LANCE. STAND UP, POTENKIN!!
HOLD ON TIGHT!
SQUINCH...
SHWIRSH...
SWIFT...
FRSH...


AND THE EVIL WOMAN ATTACKS. POOR ARM-STRONG! I UNDERSTAND
DAMNED BASTARD! THAT WILL TEACH YOU TO PAY YOUR DEBTS!
FLTSH!
OUGH!
ZRAFH!
ARMSTRONG! ARMSTRONG! HE'S SOARING AWAY!
OBVIOUSLY AT THIS POINT THERE IS THE THRUST OF GRAVITY. TIDAL ASCENDANCY.

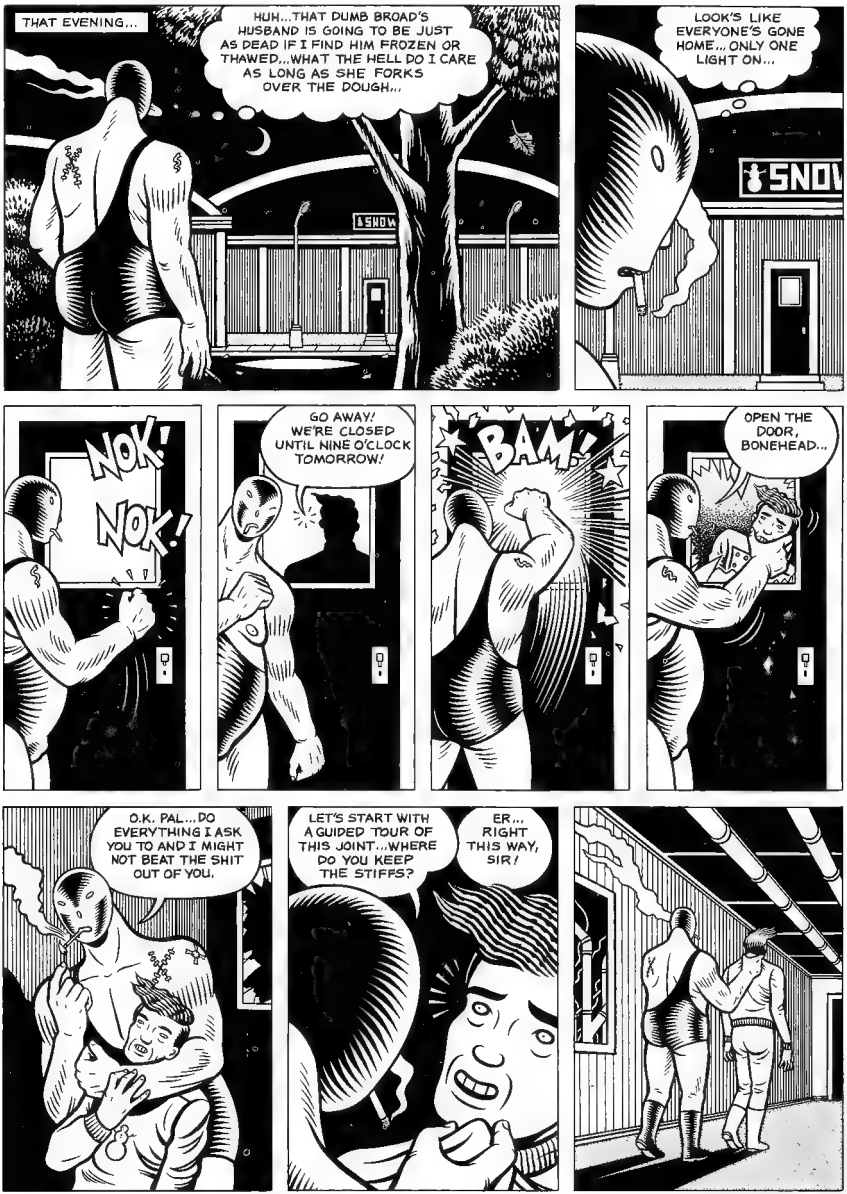
HMM.. THE RETRACTILE SPEARS DON'T WORK ANYMORE. THAT'S OKAY.. I'LL PIERCE HER WITH MY SWORD! UGLY WHORE!
WAIT! WASN'T THE ELECTRONIC SPEAR BROKEN BY THE GUN OF NORTH CAROLINA- OR WAS IT SOUTH CAROLINA? I DON'T REMEMBER
SHRR
THUNK!
UAGH!
OH, BUT IT'S THE TORPEDO THAT I WANT TO STOP! IT'S ANCHORED TO MAGGA-ANJA OVER THERE WITH HER BED... JUST WHAT I WANTED.. PATI!
YHEEEHH..

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT ISSUE...

El BORBAH
in
Living IN THE ICE-AGE
CAT COMFORT
"...RESPONDING TO A CALL FROM SUSPICIOUS NEIGHBORS, POLICE FORCED THEIR WAY INTO THE HOME OF MR. AND MRS. FLATEAU AT 327 SHADY OAK DRIVE. DURING A SEARCH OF THE PREMISES THE PARTIAL REMAINS OF MR. FLATEAU WERE FOUND IN AN UPSTAIRS BATHROOM."
LOCAL MAN 'ON ICE'
©1983 C. BURNS
"...THE REST OF MR. FLATEAU'S BODY WAS LATER DISCOVERED WRAPPED AND LABELED IN THE FAMILY FREEZER."
HAH! HAH!
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU LOOKING AT? GET YOUR UGLY MUG OUT OF MY FACE!
?
HEY, MAN... NOBODY TALKS TO ME LIKE THAT!

HEY, MAN... I'D LIKE TO KICK YOUR WIMPY ASS SOME MORE, BUT THIS IS WHERE I GET OFF...
HUH... SOME SKIRT WAITING AT MY DOOR... I CAN SMELL HER MONEY FROM HERE.
5
YOU'RE MR... ER, UH... EL BORBAH? I MUST TALK TO YOU.
STEP RIGHT IN LADY...
DON'T MIND IF I CHOW DOWN... I'M SO HUNGRY I COULD EAT A... UH... WHAT DID YOU SAY YOUR NAME WAS LADY?
JANET... JANET SKANK. YOU REALLY MUST HELP ME! DID YOU READ THIS MORNING'S PAPER?
SMILES
YEAH... THERE WAS A GREAT STORY ABOUT SOME POOR SLOB THE POLICE FOUND ALL SLICED UP AND FROZEN IN THE FAMILY FREEZER!
NO, NO! THE STORY ABOUT FRAUD IN THE CRYONICS INDUSTRY!
LET ME EXPLAIN... A LITTLE OVER A YEAR AGO MY HUSBAND FOUND OUT HE HAD TERMINAL LUNG CANCER... AT THAT TIME HE MADE PREPARATIONS TO HAVE HIS BODY PRESERVED IN CRYONIC SUSPENSION...
HE EXPLAINED TO ME HOW HIS BODY WOULD BE FROZEN AND PLACED IN A CAPSULE UNTIL SCIENCE DISCOVERED A WAY OF BRINGING HIM BACK TO LIFE.
OH DARLING... IT'S JUST TOO TERRIBLE TO EVEN THINK ABOUT!
NOW, JANET... EVERYTHING IS TAKEN CARE OF. DON'T THINK OF ME LEAVING YOU FOREVER... JUST IMAGINE I'M ON A VACATION... A LONG VACATION...

LESS THAN THREE MONTHS LATER MY HUSBAND SAM DIED IN HIS SLEEP. A CREW FROM THE SNOWBOY CRYONICS INSTITUTE HAD HIM FROZEN MINUTES AFTER HE HAD BEEN PRONOUNCED DEAD.
I WAS AT PEACE WITH MYSELF KNOWING SAM WAS SAFELY FROZEN AND BEING WELL TAKEN CARE OF UNTIL I READ THE PAPER THIS MORNING...
"CRYONICS LABS UNDER INVESTIGATION FOR FRAUD INCLUDE FROZEN MEMORIES INC., TRUE BLUE REST STATION, SNOWBOY CRYONICS INSTITUTE..." OH, MY GOD!
BIG BRAIN BITES DUST
THE PAPER SAID THE INVESTIGATION COULD TAKE WEEKS OR MONTHS! I CAN'T WAIT THAT LONG!
HEY, LADY, YOU GOT A SMOKE? I'M ALL OUT.
UH...NO...YOU SEE, IF MY HUSBAND'S BODY ISN'T PROPERLY MAINTAINED, I COULD LOSE MY ALLOWANCE...
YOUR ALLOWANCE?
THAT'S WHAT SAM ALWAYS CALLED IT... IN HIS WILL HE MADE ME RESPONSIBLE FOR KEEPING HIM PROPERLY FROZEN. IF I FAIL TO, I'M CUT OFF WITHOUT A PENNY...
NOW I'M STARTING TO GET THE PICTURE... YOU GOT A PHOTO OF HIM? I WANT TO KNOW WHO I'M LOOKING FOR IN CASE THEY'VE DEFROSTED HIM...
OH... JUST A MOMENT.
OLD GUY, HUH?
NOW LISTEN! I'M GOING TO PAY YOU GOOD MONEY TO BRING ME THE FACTS ABOUT MY HUSBAND'S BODY! I DON'T NEED ANY OF YOUR OTHER OBSERVATIONS!
HEY... DON'T BUST A VEIN LADY... I JUST CALL 'EM AS I SEE 'EM...


THAT EVENING...
HUH...THAT DUMB BROAD'S HUSBAND IS GOING TO BE JUST AS DEAD IF I FIND HIM FROZEN OR THAWED,...WHAT THE HELL DO I CARE AS LONG AS SHE FORKS OVER THE DOUGH...
LOOK'S LIKE EVERYONE'S GONE HOME... ONLY ONE LIGHT ON...
NOK!
NOK!
GO AWAY! WE'RE CLOSED UNTIL NINE O'CLOCK TOMORROW!
BAM!
OPEN THE DOOR, BONEHEAD...
O.K. PAL...DO EVERYTHING I ASK YOU TO AND I MIGHT NOT BEAT THE SHIT OUT OF YOU.
LET'S START WITH A GUIDED TOUR OF THIS JOINT...WHERE DO YOU KEEP THE STIFFS?
ER... RIGHT THIS WAY, SIR!

THIS IS THE SNOWBOY SLUMBER ROOM...I...I HOPE YOU REALIZE THAT WHAT YOU'RE DOING IS HIGHLY ILLEGAL...
HEY... I'M SHIVERING IN MY BOOTIES, JACK...
?
STAND BACK, PEA-BRAIN..I WANNA CHECK SOMETHING...
WOP!
...LOOKS LIKE YOU GUYS WENT TO A LOT OF TROUBLE TO FREEZE THESE DUMMIES! NOW I DON'T WANT TO ASK YOU AGAIN.., WHERE DO YOU KEEP THE STIFFS!

CONTINUED

PRESENTING...TWO CUTE LITTLE EXTRATERRESTRIAL CREATURES TALKING ABOUT...

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

I DON'T BELIEVE IT!
AH, BUT IT'S TRUE, MY DEAR!
WE'VE BEEN SEARCHING THE UNIVERSE FOR GREAT BACK ISSUES OF HEAVY METAL AND...
AND...
..AND NOW WE FIND THAT WE CAN GET THEM DIRECT FROM HM.
WOW! RARE EARLY ISSUES OF HM! WHAT COULD POSSIBLY BE BETTER?
FUTURE ISSUES?
JOHN WORKMAN

#1/APRIL '77: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#2/MAY '77: Russian astronauts, "Conquering Armies," the ultimate rock festival, and more.

#3/JUNE '77: Macedo's "Rockblitz," highly praised "Shells," beginning of Davis's "World Apart," Moebius, Corben, Bodé, more.

#4/JULY '77: Lots of Moebius: "Arzach," "The Long Tomorrow"; conclusion of "Sunpot."

#5/AUGUST '77: "Polonius" begins, "The Long Tomorrow" concludes, and "World Apart" and "Den" continue.

#6/SEPTEMBER '77: Roger Zelazny has a short story, and Moebius, a space opera; plus more "World Apart," "Den," and "Polonius."

#7/OCTOBER '77: Fiction by Theodore Sturgeon, Moebius's "Airtight Garage," "Den" and "Polonius" back again.

#8/NOVEMBER '77: New Harlan Ellison fiction, 9 color pages by Moebius and Rimbaud, conclusions for "Polonius" and "World Apart."

#9/DECEMBER '77: Extra pages for the complete "Vuzz," by Druillet, "Fortune's Fool," by Chaykin and Wein, plus full-color Corben, Macedo, Claveloux, and Moebius

#10/JANUARY '78: Morrow illustrates Zelazny, Lob and Pichard update *Ulysses*, "Conquering Armies" concludes, "Den" continues.

#11/FEBRUARY '78: New adventures of "Barbarella," cover and center spread by Nino, plus Moebius and Corben.

#12/MARCH '78: Gray Morrow's swashbuckling "Orion" debuts; more "Barbarella," "Urm," and "Den."

#13/APRIL '78: Our 1st anniversary issue! A 30-page insert from "Paradise 9." "Barbarella" gives birth, while "Den" wraps it up.

#14/MAY '78: "Urm the Mad" waves bye-bye, but "Orion" and "Barbarella" continue, and Alex Nino tips his hat.

#15/JUNE '78: Corben introduces Shahrazad, Sturgeon's classic "More Than Human" is illustrated, more "Barbarella," and the origins of "Heilman."

#16/JULY '78: A happy ending for "Barbarella," a sad ending for "1996," resumption of Druillet's "Gail," more "Heilman," "Orion," "More Than Human," and Corben's "Arabian Nights"

#17/AUGUST '78: SORRY — SOLD OUT!

#18/SEPTEMBER '78: SORRY — SOLD OUT!

#19/OCTOBER '78: "Exterminator 17," Ellison's illustrated "Glass Goblin," debut of McKie's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous."

#20/NOVEMBER '78: Twenty pages of the Delany/Chaykin "Empire," more "Sindbad," "Exterminator," Major Grubert, "Heilman."

#21/DECEMBER '78: The stocking's full with "Orion," Kirchner's "Tarot," and 12 beautiful pages of Moebius.

#22/JANUARY '79: Trina debuts and Druillet concludes "Gail," plus McKie and Corben.

#23/FEBRUARY '79: "Galactic Geographic," "Starcrown," Corben's "Sindbad," McKie's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous," plus Moebius, Bilal, and Macedo.

#24/MARCH '79: Twenty pages of Chaykin illustrating Bester's "The Stars My Destination," "Starcrown" II, and Ellison's late show.

#25/APRIL '79: SORRY — SOLD OUT!

#26/MAY '79: It's all-American (except for Druillet's "Dancin'" and a Proust joke): 15 entries including Corben, Morrow, the illustrated "Alien."

#27/JUNE 79: SORRY — SOLD OUT!

#28/JULY '79: Bodé's "Zooks" premieres, Corben's "Sindbad" concludes. Morrow and Moebius continue, Mike Hinge debuts.

#29/AUGUST '79: Caza steals show with "New Ark City," plus Mayerik, Suydam, "Galactic Geographic," Bodé, more.

#30/SEPTEMBER '79: "Elric," "Buck Rogers," a lizard named "Elvis," and "Little Red V-3," alongside Montellier and Moebius.

#31/OCTOBER '79: A Halloween tribute to H. P. Lovecraft, with Moebius, Breccia, Druillet, Suydam.

#32/NOVEMBER '79: Corben's "Rowlf," Bodé's "Zooks," Brunner's "Elric," Chaykin's "The Stars My Destination," Moebius, and more.

#33/DECEMBER '79: A Christmas package from Caza, Corben, Kofoed, Suydam, Stiles, Trina, Moebius, and Ellison, plus "Gnomes" and "Giants."

#34/JANUARY '80: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#35/FEBRUARY '80: An eerie Couratin cover adorns this issue. Corben's "The Beast of Wolfton" begins, McKie experiments with the Air Pump, and we join Matt Howarth on a crazed acid trip.

#36/MARCH '80: Why did "The Crevasse" take Jeannette? Read the Schuiten strip! Plus: Corben, Matena, Moebius, and Lee Marrs.

#37/APRIL '80: Our 3rd anniversary issue — 32 pages of "Champakou" in living color, final installment of Moebius's "Airtight Garage," plus Caza, Bilal, Howarth, Corben, Bodé — and more!

#38/MAY '80: Does the Supreme Alchemist exist? Will Axle ever find out? Will "Champakou" reach the Doll of Jade? Will Joe strike out with the alien Marilyn, too?

#39/JUNE '80: "Champakou" meets his fate, while "Captain Sternn" saves the day. And it's the Flying Wallendas vs. Earth!

#40/JULY '80: "The Alchemist Supreme" continues; Axle learns truth about sidekick Musky. Bilal's "Progress!" begins, and Moebius returns with "Shore Leave."

#41/AUGUST '80: Druillet returns with "Salammbo" while Moebius concludes "Shore Leave" (and is interviewed). Bilal continues "Progress!"

#42/SEPTEMBER '80: "The Alchemist Supreme" concludes while Bilal's "Progress!" picks up steam. Ernie Colon, Paul Kirchner, Leo Duranona contribute nifty shorts, while "Rock Opera" gets stranger.

#43/OCTOBER '80: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#44/NOVEMBER '80: Cover by Hajime Sorayama. Claveloux, Moebius, Kaluta, Springett, and Bilal inside.

#45/DECEMBER '80: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#46/JANUARY '81: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#47/FEBRUARY '81: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#48/MARCH '81: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#49/APRIL '81: Corben's "Bloodstar," Giménez's "Good-bye, Soldier!," Harry North's "Stories from London," and an interview with Julio Ribera.

#50/MAY '81: Premiers of Chaykin's "Cody Starbuck" and Bilal's "The Immortals' Fête!" Plus: Suydam's "The Toll Bridge" and William S. Burroughs on immortality

#51/JUNE '81: The 1st part of the Richard Corben interview, Jim Steranko's adaptation of *Outland* premieres, Howarth's "Changes" winds up. Plus: Caza, Chaykin, Crepax.

#52/JULY '81: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#53/AUGUST '81: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#54/SEPTEMBER '81: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#55/OCTOBER '81: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#56/NOVEMBER '81: Jeronaton's "Egg of the World," Jeff Jones, Segrelles, and Bilal all frame the art of Leo and Diane Dillon beautifully.

#57/DECEMBER '81: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#58/JANUARY '82: Our "Happy Future" issue. Includes Arno, Loustal, Voss, Hé, and Gillon; and "The Autonomous Man," all surrounded by Chaykin and Simonson, Segrelles, and Steranko.

#59/FEBRUARY '82: The further adventures of John Difool in "The Incal Light." Wein and Chaykin's "Gideon Faust" gets going—again. Plus Fernandez, Jones, Schuiten.

#60/MARCH '82: 2nd Special Rock Issue featuring Dick Matena's "A Life in the Day," a surrealistic look at the life of John Lennon. Luis Garcia's "Nova 2" begins Plus "Mercenary," "Den," "Rock Opera," etc.

#61/APRIL '82: 5th anniversary issue offers a variety of material. What with Claveloux, Druillet, Moebius, Bilal, and an essay on J.G. Ballard, you'll be busy until our 6th!

#62/MAY '82: The 1st part of David Black's "Third Sexual Revolution." "The Art of De Es Schwertberger." Plus: "Sixteen and Vanilla" by Ted White and Val Lakey.

#63/JUNE '82: Fantastic Cities issue, with artists Voss, Caza, Scibelli, and R. Crumb, all surrounded by regulars: Druillet, Moebius, Schuiten, and Fernandez.

#64/JULY '82: Marcele and Lacome's strange "Life at the Circus" and pages from Corben's *Flights into Fantasy*. Plus Jones, Garcia, and Druillet.

#65/AUGUST '82: Jones and Wrightson's "Freak Show" and Pisu and Manara's "The Ape." Plus the finale of "The Incal Light" by Moebius and Jodorowsky.

#66/SEPTEMBER '82: Hecht's "Music-Video Interface," Lupoff's "Barsoom!" and Hinge's "Object." Plus our regulars: Bilal, Fernandez, Kierkegaard.

#67/OCTOBER '82: You'll have Scary Dreams after reading our special horror section. Everything from Eddie Poe to the weirdest phobias possible. Don't read it alone! P.S.: Last part of Black's "Third Sexual Revolution."

#68/NOVEMBER '82: Part 1 of Kaluta's "Starstruck." Findley's "Tex Arcana" continues as does "Den II" and Druillet's "Yragael." Plus: a peek at Wrightson's *National Lampoon's Class Reunion*.

#69/DECEMBER '82: A Will Stone Gallery, the return of Suydam's "Mudwog," and Mark Fisher's "Amino Men." Plus Corben, Fernandez, and Kierkegaard.

#70/JANUARY '83: The strange conclusion to Wrightson's "Freak Show," a look at *The Dark Crystal*, and regulars Manara, Corben, Fernandez, etc.

#71/FEBRUARY '82: The making of the film *The Entity*, Kim Deitch's *Eating Raoul*, and regulars Corben, Kaluta, Crepax, etc.

#72/MARCH '83: We bid a fond farewell to Den and Kath, and a warm welcome to Bilal's "City that Didn't Exist." A Gallery on Robert Williams, plus Manara, Kaluta and more.

#73/APRIL '83: Moebius's "The Twinkle in Fildegar's Eye," and Sauri's "The Odyssey," along with Kaluta, Crepax, and Workman.

#74/MAY '83: Kaluta and Lee's stagestruck "Starstruck," "Marlowskitz" the robotic detective, and the conclusion of Manara and Pisu's "The Ape."

#75/JUNE '83: Corben's "Doomscult," the end of Crepax's "The Man from Harlem," and a peek at the 3-D science fiction thriller, *Spacehunter*.

#76/JULY '83: Liberatore's "Ranxerox," the end of Kaluta's "Starstruck" (for the time being), an interview with Dan O'Bannon and a glimpse at Ray Bradbury's *Dinosaur Tales*.

#77/AUGUST '83: Arno and Jodorowsky's "The Small Earthworm" debuts, Giménez's "A Matter of Time" appears, and Captain Beefheart is interviewed, all behind a beautiful Greg Hildebrandt cover.

#78/SEPTEMBER '83: An exclusive interview with Francis Ford Coppola! Plus a Gallery look at the art of Rowena Morrill and the conclusions of "Zora" and "The City that Didn't Exist."

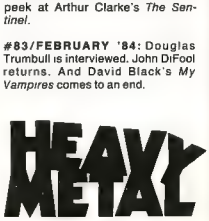
#79/OCTOBER '83: Timothy Leary! Enki Bilal! Pepe Moreno! Walter Hill! Rocky and Bullwinkle!?! A great issue!

#80/NOVEMBER '83: A spirited talk with Will Eisner, along with a Spirit story. Plus Crepax's "Valentina the Pirate." Enjoy.

#81/DECEMBER '83: Ranxerox bows out. Valentina comes on strong. Artist Liberatore is interviewed. Lots more!

#82/JANUARY '84: Part one of David Black's vampire memoirs. Plus "Ranxerox in New York", and a peek at Arthur Clarke's *The Sentinel*.

#83/FEBRUARY '84: Douglas Trumbull is interviewed. John DiFool returns. And David Black's *My Vampires* comes to an end.



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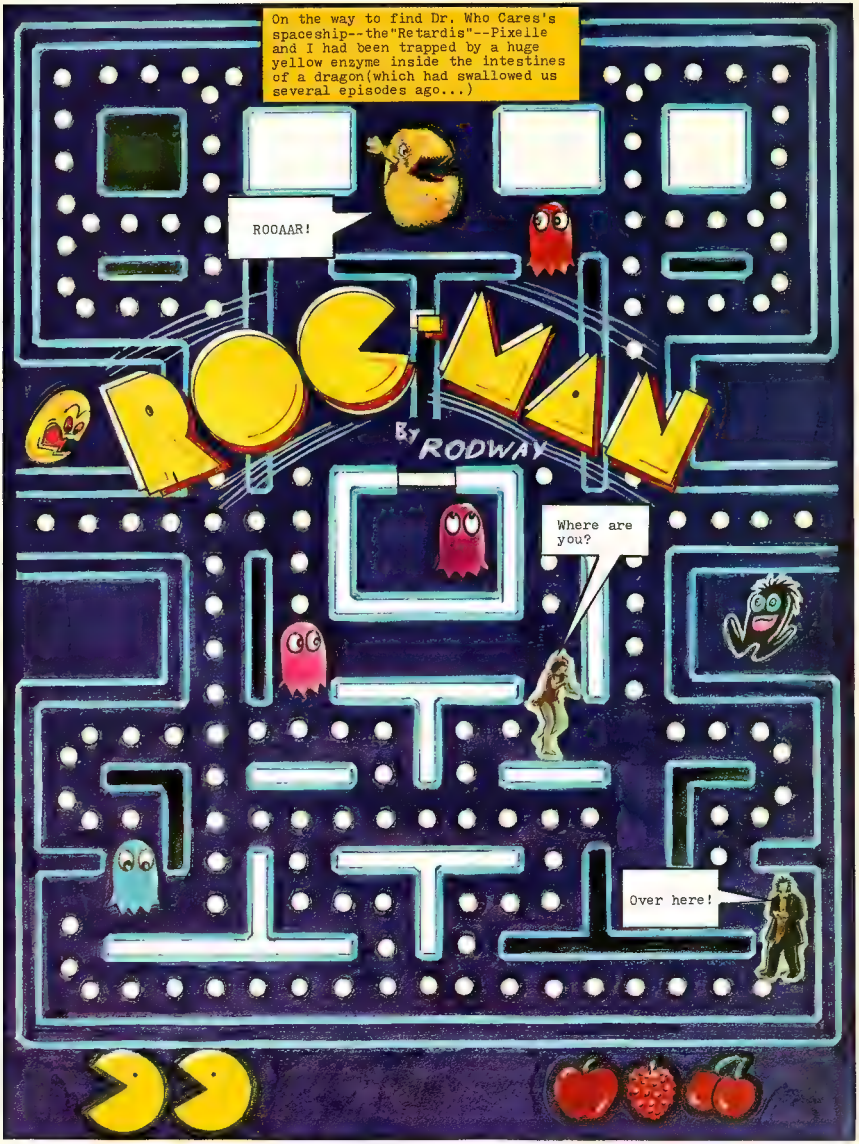
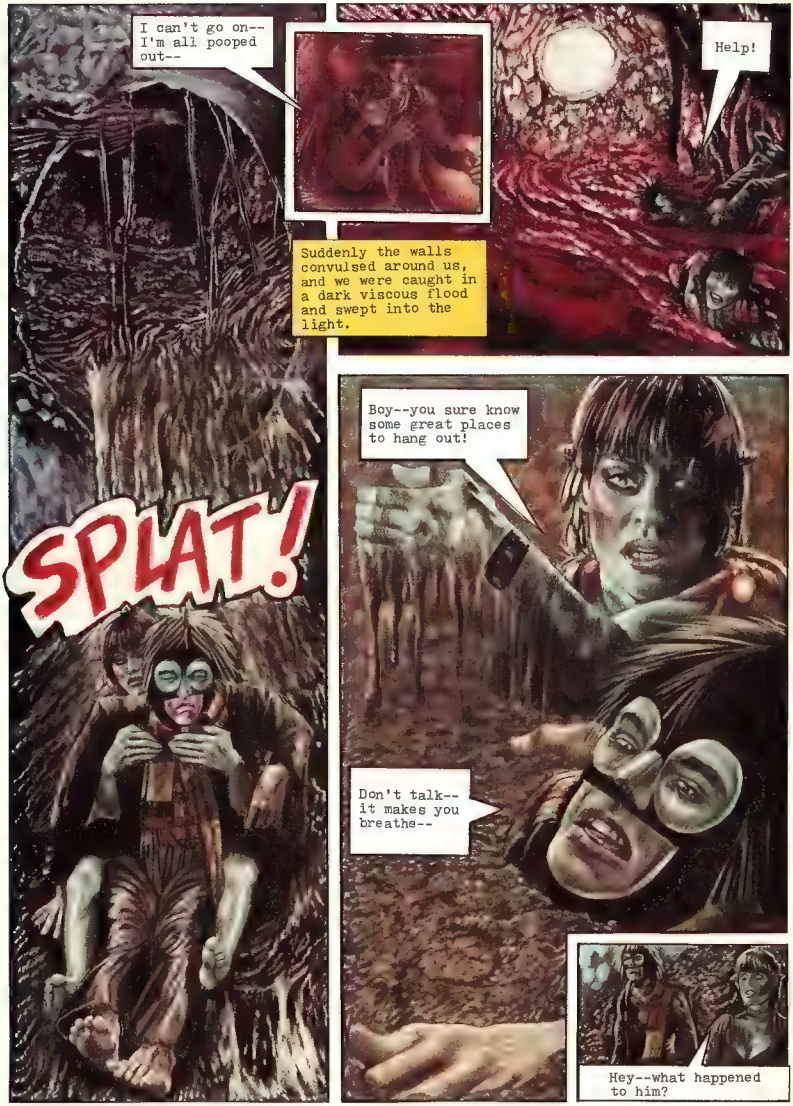

On the way to find Dr. Who Cares's spaceship--the"Retardis"--Pixelle and I had been trapped by a huge yellow enzyme inside the intestines of a dragon(which had swallowed us several episodes ago...)
ROOAAR!
ROC-MAN
By RODWAY
Where are you?
Over here!

YIKES! What's that?
It's some kind of ghost!
Oh no!It's turning blue!
Come on--we'll hide under this hamburger bun.
Let's feed it some of this junk food.
I hope it isn't into health food.
And so we stumbled through the maze of the dragon's bowels,pursued by the voracious enzyme.


I can't go on-- I'm all pooped out--
Help!
Suddenly the walls convulsed around us, and we were caught in a dark viscous flood and swept into the light.
SPLAT!
Boy--you sure know some great places to hang out!
Don't talk-- it makes you breathe--
Hey--what happened to him?

It looks like he died of indigestion.
Oh,poor thing!
YAY!
YIPPEE!
ROLAIDS
Maalox
He's dead! He's really dead!
Whaddya mean, "poor thing?" He ate us!
Come on--we've got to take this spaceship and go find Marty.
PUBLIC LAVATORY
Spaceship?It looks more like a Jiffy-John.

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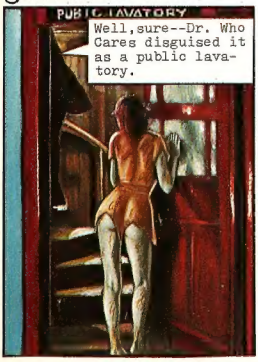
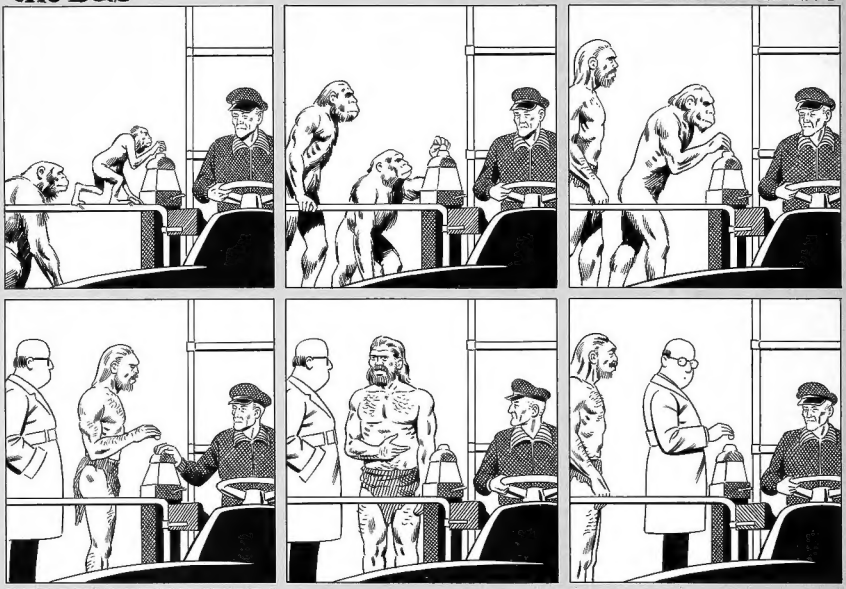


... To Be Continued

the bus

PAUL KIRCHNER ©



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